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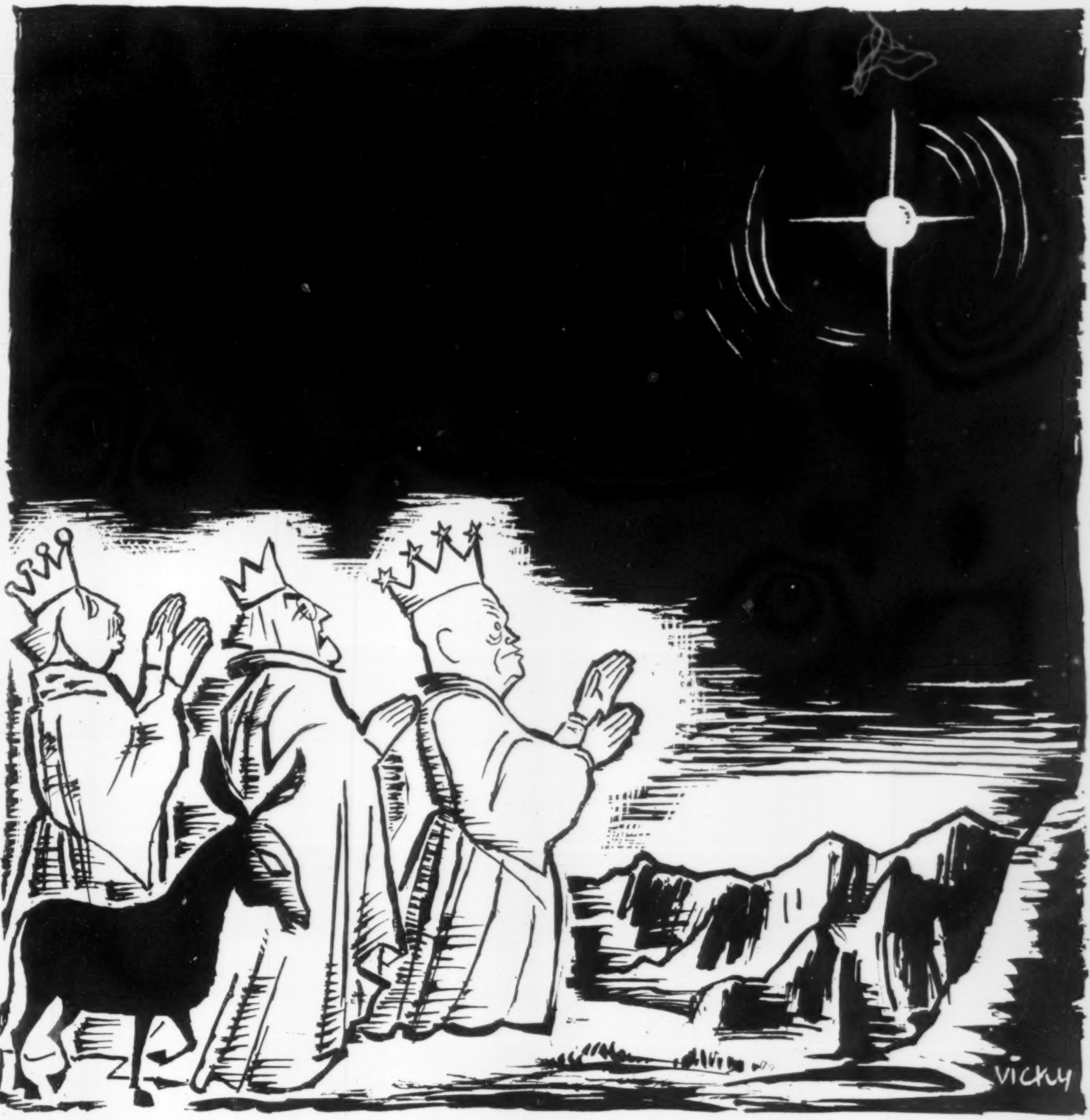

Christmas 1957

Comments on the Week's News

Mr. Krushchev and the West

Mr Krushchev's reply to Bertrand Russell in this journal last week has received world publicity; British newspapers (with one odd exception) printed extracts from it, and it was published in whole or in part in the US, Canada, India, France, Germany and many other countries. Diplomatically, Krushchev emphasised the points on which sane people everywhere agree—in contrast to the arrogant and irresponsible negations of the article that Mr Dulles contributed to *Life* magazine on the eve of the NATO Conference. That it is crazy to dole out nuclear weapons to more states; that the competition between East and West should be economic and political, not military; that talks (the Russians ask for 'summit' talks rather than meetings of foreign ministers) are a better alternative than an armament race—these are surely not open to argument among sane men? Since the Krushchev letter the Russian Supreme Soviet has formally included these points in seven proposals. In view of the NATO revolt (led, as Mr Johnson shows in this week's issue by Dr Adenauer), conversations on one or other level with the object of at least 'testing each other's sincerity', would now seem probable, even though at the moment of opening discussions, General Norstad is commencing the sinister task of setting up bases for nuclear weapons in various parts of Europe. On this issue Mr Bevan spoke for England.

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Treason Trial

After over a year's preliminary inquiry the South African government has decided to drop all the charges against 61 of the 156 defendants in the Treason Trial. Nothing could more clearly expose the political nature of this affair. So far only the prosecution's case has been heard. Apparently, therefore, the charges have been dropped before any defence has been offered and on the same evidence available when the arrests were made. In short, these 61 persons have been taken away from their homes and jobs and have lost a year of their normal lives simply at the arbitrary whim of the Nationalist government. It is clearly an attempt to frighten all those courageous enough to offer opposition to *apartheid*. It is equally obvious that through incompetence these persons were arrested without even the evidence capable of sustaining charges against them within the wide confines of South African law. The government has not even suggested that compensation might be paid. Meanwhile the remaining 95 will have to continue under inquiry when the preliminary examination reopens on 13 January. The trial is still to follow. As Father Huddleston says on a later page, 'South Africa is standing at the point of no return'.

African Majority in Uganda?

It looks as though the next imperative demand for African majority government will come from Uganda. Recently two African members, Dr Muwazi from Buganda, and Mr Lubogo from Busoga, resigned from the legislative council. Both the Busoga and Buganda councils have refused to replace them on the grounds that the legislative council is only useful if it has an African elected majority. At present, of its 60 members, 30 are nominated by the governor and, of the remainder, 18 are Africans and 12 Europeans and Asians. No plans have been made to increase African representation at the elections. Though predictions are always dangerous in the complexities of Uganda politics, it is interesting to note, for example, that in this pressure campaign the radical politicians of Congress are linked with the Buganda traditionalists, whose main anxiety is to keep power in the hands of the Kabaka and his feudal court.

Commonsense About the Will

The compromise about Bernard Shaw's will and the proposed forty-letter alphabet is surely the kind of sensible settlement that most people had been hoping for. The Public Trustee, who bears the inspired and Dickensian name of Mr Baulkwill, is to receive £8,300 on trust, to carry out 'substantially' what the will directed about the alphabet idea. Not many people were surprised that the Court of Appeal upheld Mr Justice Harman's judgment that the alphabet trusts were 'void because of the uncertainty of their terms': the proposed committee of inquiry to ascertain how much time would be saved by the new alphabet must have been one of the vaguest. But, in effect, GBS had gone on to direct, characteristically enough, that if the alphabet scheme looked like failing 'because of judicial action' there should be some such settlement as the one now announced. The alphabet project will soon devour the £8,300 allotted to it, but there will now be a lot of money left for Shaw's more practical proposals.

Brahmins of Sport

Two British Davis Cup players, Mr Becker and Mr Davies, are in trouble with the Lawn Tennis Association because in Chile recently they played an exhibition match in which a professional took part. The Tooting and Mitcham amateur football club has banned from its books any players who are registered as amateurs with professional clubs and is to ban scouts of professional clubs from its ground. The Rugby Union, which bans rugger players who take part in a Rugby League match even as amateurs, has turned down a proposal for a charity match between teams drawn from the union and the league. Miss Pat Smythe has recently been investigated by the Olympic authorities because some horse hiring association, though without offering Miss Smythe any fee, used her photograph in an appeal for funds; and the Olympics president even tried to bar from the games any athlete who would not swear on oath that he would remain amateur for ever. From all this it would seem that the Brahmins of sport are more than ever determined to maintain their caste system – under which the openly paid untouchables are segregated from amateurs, many of whom in fact 'touch' under the counter. But there is one possible exception: it is the MCC, once regarded as the most hidebound of all sporting organisations. Out of discussions which the MCC is at present holding with leading professionals, among others, there may come a decision not only that so-called amateurs will receive a really adequate allowance on future tours, but also that from now on cricketers will be known, not as amateurs or professionals, but simply as players.

Rule of Law

The past year has shown that no function of our law is so capricious as the way it 'protects' proceedings in Court. From the journalist's point of view the uncertainty about 'contempt' ranges from the vague sanctity of the Bank Rate Tribunal to the fact that the High Court tipstaff, freshly armed with a warrant to arrest a young man who has run off to Scotland with a ward of Chancery, tells the press one day that it is valid in Scotland and is contradicted the next day by a statement from the Lord Chancellor's office. Then there is the absurd situation that holds British importers responsible for what foreign newspapers are saying about cases going on in our courts: this is still unresolved, and people like W. H. Smith & Son are still hopelessly trying to read all the daily foreign press before letting it go on to the bookstalls. For this reason among others we are glad to see that contempt of court is high on the list of subjects for review by 'Justice', the British section of the International Commission of Jurists. It was born when lawyers representing the three main political parties, having come together to take joint action over the trials in Hungary and South Africa, then decided to remain in being as a permanent organisation.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

'Arms for Spain'

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'Planes for Spain'. This phrase has found its place in the history of the French Left. It belongs to the heroic period in which the people of Paris tried to force the Blum government to abandon non-intervention in the Spanish civil war. On Monday 16 December, the Tunisian paper *L'Action* revealed that almost 20 years later the French Republic had finally given way to this demand: France has sent military planes to General Franco for the operations at Ifni. The newspaper said: 'We have hesitated to publish this news and we would not have done so if we had not been sure of its authenticity and of our sources'.

L'Action is on sale in Paris and all over France. The issue which makes these revelations has not yet been seized, though the government of M. Gaillard has not particularly respected the liberty of the press – a week earlier it seized the weekly *France-Observateur* for a much less revealing report on Algeria. But the Quai d'Orsay has not published any denial, and several diplomatic correspondents whom I have consulted confirm that the article in *L'Action* is accurate. They make, however, one qualification. While the Tunisians claim that, in exchange for the aeroplanes, Spain will support France at the UN, diplomatic circles in Paris say that this vote was decided before the aeroplane deal.

This affair could be even more important than the secret delivery of French aircraft to the Israelis before the Suez War. Why, then, has it not aroused public opinion? It is not enough to say that it was simply eclipsed by the important NATO meeting. The NATO gathering was regarded here as a spectacle without serious result. There were plenty of police in the centre of Paris; limousines flanked by motor-cycle police swept down the boulevards; on television and radio one could catch the slightest word of the statesmen; the newspapers printed in great detail the menus at official receptions. But to say that all this was a matter of life or death to the ordinary Frenchman would be untrue. On this side of the Channel there is not yet much concern about the H-bomb, and the competition in rockets is seen less as a vital matter for France than as a Soviet-American sports match.

Neither the affair of the planes for Franco, nor the publication in *Le Monde* of the report of the 'anti-torture' Commission has shaken French opinion from its torpor. Yet sooner or later both revelations will make themselves felt. For several months M. Lacoste has been promising to publish the results of the investigation which the Commission has been making in Algeria. When it was set up several personalities of the left – Albert Camus was the most notable – refused to take part in its work, explaining that they were sceptical whether anything could be done by a commission which depended directly on the Minister for Algeria and lacked any judicial powers. The facts have proved them right. The 12 members declare in their report, now published in *Le Monde,* that they have irrefutable proof that there has been torture in Algeria, that several arrested persons have disappeared mysteriously, and finally that at stated places Algerian suspects have been shut up in wine cellars and that at least 97 were suffocated by the fumes. These are all violations of French law. Members of the Commission, however, had no means of coming to the rescue of the tortured victims or of punishing their executioners. It is not surprising that several members of the Commission have resigned and that in effect it has ceased to exist. Nevertheless, it has rendered some service to the good name of the French Republic. It will no longer be possible for M. Lacoste or M. Bourgès-Maunoury to insist that allegations of torture in Algeria are no more than an invention of those 'masochistic intellectuals' and those 'dear professors' who love to vilify the French Army. To establish the truth is not enough to cure the malady, but it is a good beginning.

Los Angeles

The Five Spanish Sailors

A new development in the case of the five Spanish sailors, which I first reported in your issue of 14 September 1957, suggests that there is some hope that they might eventually be saved from being turned back to Franco Spain. They deserted from Franco's navy to seek asylum in Mexico, but were brought back to the US with help of the US navy and Immigration Service.

On 9 December in Los Angeles the Third District US Court of Appeals held a hearing on the appeal brought by the attorneys for the five Spanish sailors against a lower court decision to send the sailors back to their ships. Before a packed courtroom lawyers for the American Civil Liberties Union argued that the US government acted without authority in seizing and detaining the sailors and therefore lack jurisdiction over them. They were made to enter the US, the lawyers said, after they had reached Mexican territory 'by deception, fraud and unlawful exercise of authority on the part of the United States Immigration Service'. The court was also asked to take judicial notice of the fact that the US is a signatory to the Constitution of the International Refugee Organisation which defines refugees as 'Spanish Republicans and other victims of the Falangist regime in Spain' and that under this agreement the US has pledged its assistance in relocating these refugees 'until such time when a democratic regime in Spain is established'.

The important new development was an affidavit submitted by the Mexican Minister of Interior in Mexico City, according to which the Mexican government not only expresses its willingness to grant asylum to the sailors if they are permitted to re-enter Mexico, but has now stated categorically that the Mexican government never at any time did refuse asylum to them, while they were in Mexico. This can mean only that the local Mexican Immigration official lied when he stated that asylum had been refused. The fact that this official has been relieved of his post seems to confirm this.

What makes the outlook for the sailors more hopeful is, further, the obvious sympathy shown to their case by the presiding judges, Fee, and by one of the two other judges, Clark, in the questions which they directed at the US Attorney who pleaded for the delivery of the sailors to their ships. Said presiding judge Fee:

> The State Department might think it convenient to appease the Spanish government, but we have no treaty obligation to apprehend these men after they had left the United States in order to hand them over to the Spanish navy.

He made it also clear that he did not think that they entered the US from Mexico voluntarily. Nor did the court hide this disbelief when the US Attorney answered their question why a US navy officer had accompanied the Spanish captain over the border when he tried to persuade the sailors to return, that the navy officer acted 'only as a guide'. Judge Clark openly declared that he did not think 'these boys ever had a chance' and wondered out loud whether it was the duty of the United States 'to help the oppressor against the oppressed'. A decision by the court, which usually takes several months, might be forthcoming soon. There is little doubt that it will be in favour of letting the sailors go to Mexico. Whether the US government would appeal such a decision remains in doubt.

MARTIN HALL

Moscow

Pressure of Public Opinion

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Public opinion, expressing itself in a wave of indignation and disgust, has forced partial recantation on a Soviet writer who had advocated a return to some of the most odious methods of Stalinism. The facts of this case, which at the outset seemed to mark a new and sinister turn in the zig-zag course of the arts in Krushchev's Russia, are as follows:

Anatoly Sofronov, the editor of the ultra-conservative magazine *Ogonyok,* contributed to the *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* organ of the board of the USSR Writers' Union, a seven-column article entitled *In Dreams and Waking Hours.* Sofronov, who never tires of reminding his readers that he is by origin a factory worker, is a writer and publicist who owed his rise to eminence to the principles on art and literature enunciated by the party soon after the war. To him the short-term 'period of vacuum' last year, with its timid questioning of the party's right to exercise tutelage, its attempts to revise the principle of commitment, its reappraisal of the canons of Socialist realism, its tentative reassessments of writers and artists of the Twenties and Thirties – all that was a challenge to his own literary prestige. But it was a challenge that Sofronov did not take up publicly until the party, in the person of its first secretary, Mr Krushchev, had laid down the new line, which was a continuation of the old line, with all the authority of his office. In other words, until the opportunity of replying effectively to Sofronov's attacks was denied.

It was in the role of critic-executioner that Sofronov appeared in the columns of the *Literaturnaya Gazeta.* One after the other, each with highly personal epithets and sly hints attached, the names of those who have already been severely castigated were listed in this article: Aliger, Kirsanov, Akim, Slutsky – the poets of the anti-heroic school; Yashin and Dudintsev, the prose writers; Rudny the 'political fumbler' and critics like Stroyeva and Ognev. On others, such as Konstantin Simonov, who have incurred Sofronov's displeasure, the attacks were less direct, for they can still hit back.

Had the article been no more than a clumsy, polemical attack on literary figures who, after all, have no substantial following, it is doubtful whether it would have caused much stir. Indeed, from a middle-brow position Sofronov is possibly justified in asserting that the advocates of 'negative attitudes' were confusing and bewildering the average, working-class reader.

What spread dismay throughout Moscow intellectual circles – as much within as outside the party – during the week that Sofronov's article appeared was his covert suggestion that those he was attacking were unworthy of the name Soviet, his frequent references to patriotism and, in particular, his use of Mayakovsky's slogan – a product of the revolutionary struggle: 'He who does not sing with us today is against us'. To this Sofronov added: 'Let us be frank: the literary hysterical women and epileptics have placed these fiery words in the literary museum too soon'. These are sinister echoes of the shameful attacks on certain critics as being 'anti-patriotic' which bedevilled intellectual life here in the past.

That Sofronov should have been forced to attach a lame apology for the severity of his tone to the end of the third instalment of his article is a measure of the difference between these days and the immediate past. Public opinion may rejoice in a minor triumph.

Peking

Withering Flowers

A Student of the Chinese press writes: The flowers that bloomed in Mao Tse-tung's spring revealed how unpopular the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party had become amongst many intellectuals. The Chinese press carries pages of articles and reports of speeches in what is called a 'rectification' campaign. In less ideological language, this means: 'Back to the myth of infallibility' of Communist Party leadership. Bourgeois intellectuals are now Enemy No. 1.

Li Wei-han, Director, United Front Department of the Central Committee, chose a tea party in Peking in September to state the party line to delegates of the national rectification work conference. On 16 November, the *Kuang Ming Jih Pao* editorially stated that the text was revised after the tea party, and it then published it in full. The cross-heads tell the story: 'The question of bourgeois elements and bourgeois intellectuals'; 'Democratic parties are bourgeois in character'; 'The middle-of-the-road in democratic parties'; 'The leftists in the democratic parties'; 'The question of bourgeois rightists'; and 'Thorough transformation of the political standpoint'. But what does transformation mean? There are no ugly doubts in Mr Li's mind. 'The question is,' he says, 'whether a person can make up his mind to follow the Communist Party along the Socialist road and renounce capitalism. If a man makes up his mind to do so, he can take a big turn from the capitalist standpoint to the working-class standpoint. Of course, after setting his political standpoint right, a man has to continue to undergo ideological remoulding so as gradually to acquire the thinking of the working-class'.

Mr Li Wei-han's tea party oration was passed on to conferences of the Democratic League, whose existence probably now depends on its willingness to follow the party line. Again and again League members are described as 'bourgeois intellectuals' with a dual character, the good side 'inclined toward the Socialist road, while the bad side was that they had not basically relinquished their bourgeois stand'.

The positive policy of this campaign is to build an army of 'intellectuals of the working-class'. Historian Lu Chen-yu made a statement on this subject to the *Kuang Ming Jih Pao* (18 October). 'How can non-working-class intellectuals be reformed and transformed into working-class intellectuals?' he asked. His answer was: 'The basic way is to study Marxism humbly, to "study and study again", truly and sincerely accept the leadership and help of the party and the supervision of the masses'.

The *Jen Min Jih Pao* (12 November) acclaimed Peking writers and intellectuals who have decided to change their corrupting bourgeois environment for the healthier haunts of factories or the countryside. The Secretary of the Union of Chinese Writers, Liu Pao-yu, set an example by going to Heilungkiang Province in Northeast China for one-and-a-half years to carry on his creative work, and plenty of young writers are following his lead. Then there is the movement of intellectuals into the rural areas. The demands of Socialist construction could only be met by 'closely uniting with the labouring masses. . . .' 'The intellectuals who have not been basically reformed never work physically and cannot tell one cereal from another.' But now, said a spokesman of the Peking municipal council, on 28 October, 'they are enthusiastic . . . though their hands are now covered with corns and their shoulders red and swollen from carrying heavy weights'.

Meanwhile, according to the Honk Kong *Ta Kung Pao,* the custodian of Dr Sun Yat-sen's old residence in Tsuiheng has unearthed documents that prove that 'the father of the Chinese Revolution' was not a bourgeois after all, but that his grand-uncle leased only a patch of farmland from the clan's communal property for cultivation, while his grandfather often borrowed money at high interest. These old documents are described as helping to prove that Dr Sun Yat-sen 'was the son of labouring people and his family was the family of poor peasants constantly under the exploitation and suppression of landlords'.

Westminster

Bevan speaks for Britain

While Mr Selwyn Lloyd was opening what afterwards became a great foreign affairs debate, members of the Opposition occupied themselves with comparisons. Was Lloyd the worst foreign secretary since Sir John Simon? Or Lord North, if North was ever foreign secretary? Or since Ethelred the Unready? But this line of comparison seemed likely to break down – for as each name was mentioned it was at once agreed that Lloyd was even worse than him – until the matter was settled by Mr Austen Albu who announced that Lloyd under Mr Macmillan was the worst foreign secretary since Lloyd under Sir Anthony Eden.

Yet this debate unhappily showed once again that Lloyd, in fact, is too bad for joking. His parliamentary manner is lamentable. He reads his speeches as if they were railway timetables – 'On Monday I went here and had a useful meeting. On Tuesday I went there and had a helpful exchange of views' – raising his eyes only to stare mechanically at the public gallery for a few seconds or to shake his head at anyone who wishes to interrupt his inexorable grind through one meaningless paragraph after another. But last Friday his manner was the least of his defects. What was so really horrifying was his matter. From it we saw that he was, as Mr Denis Healey said of NATO as a whole, frozen in an out-of-date posture. From the Paris meetings he brought back nothing but a cracked record, which told only of a Russian menace poised to strike us at any moment, a menace which could be warded off only by bigger and better bombs. For a time the House of Commons treated Lloyd with its now customary contempt. But suddenly we began to realise that this man, who at the moment was merely making a fool of himself at home, had in the past few days been appearing before foreign nations as the spokesman of Britain; and the shame of it all was more than we could bear.

At last he sat down in a silence which was complete except for the sighs of relief and there followed a series of altogether remarkable speeches. The first in time, and in merit, was the speech of Mr Aneurin Bevan. On his day, Bevan is the most effective parliamentarian alive and this, despite a heavy cold, was very much his day. Quietly, but in a way which relieved and finally delighted the House, he began to speak for Britain. The H-bomb-loaded American bombers which now patrol our skies – they must be stopped. For the future, American or other foreign bases situated here must be under the political control of the British people through their government. The arid, negative approach to Russia by the Western powers must be reversed. When you can utterly destroy your enemy in a fortnight there was not much point in piling up still more arms so that you can destroy him in a week. You can't be deader than dead. As he warmed to his speech, the phrases flashed from him. There was real hope of negotiations over Germany. The Germans themselves seemed prepared for a policy of neutralisation. They were ready to accept some limitation on their sovereign rights. They would, said Bevan, rather be limited and alive than free and dead. The Russians were offering disengagement here. Let us take them up on their word instead of senselessly piling arms upon arms which were contributions not to peace but to fear. When he sat down, the speaker who was to follow him had to wait half a minute for the cheers to die away. Thereafter, only two speeches, Colonel Hutchinson's and Mr Shinwell's, were made in support of Lloyd; and the most devastating attack on him, with the possible exception of Mr Denis Healey's, came from his own side. Lord Hinchinbroke, erect and stiffnecked as ever, went even further than Bevan in demanding independence for Britain. Inspecting Lloyd as though he were a decayed version of Mr Foster Dulles, he said that Britain could have played a leading part in bringing East and West together, that we had fluffed it and that he and his rebel group would therefore refuse to support the government.

The debate illustrated the extent to which the government is now isolated both from parliament and majority feeling in the country. Neither the Prime Minister nor the Foreign Secretary seemed at all to understand how fearful and how resentful the country has become about the extent to which we have surrendered control of our sovereignty. When he was pressed to say how frequent the bomb-loaded patrols over Britain were, he said that he had just checked the matter with President Eisenhower. The realisation that a prime minister of Great Britain had to find out from the head of a foreign power what was happening in his own country produced such a howl of resentment that Macmillan could not complete his sentence. But he seemed unaware of what was causing the resentment. His face, already grey with tiredness, went ashen and he shut his eyes as though the light was hurting them. Then he groped through to the end of his speech, as much in the dark as when he began.

After the glimpse of our nominal rulers which Lloyd and Macmillan had provided, it may seem surprising that the House as a whole was increasingly perturbed that our actual rulers seem increasingly American. But so it is; and unless Macmillan and Co. are willing to bend before public opinion they may find that the whole conception of NATO has come to pieces in their hands.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Europe in Revolt

An air of mysterious unreality overhung the Palais de Chaillot. The press entrance was marked with a curious sign: *W.C. Toilettes. Défense de Patiner.* Across the river, mist shrouded the top of the Eiffel Tower, making it look like some monstrous missile-symbol which Mr Dulles had specially erected for the occasion. At the US press-briefings, conducted by the Neanderthal Mr Hagerty, interest centred largely on the President's anatomy ('Has Doc. Snyder taken his pulse today yet, Jim?' 'Well, Vince, I woudn't like to say for sure. . . .'); and in this atmosphere, even the news that Krushchev had written to the New Statesman seemed an unexceptional event, though Hagerty was clearly alarmed at the prospect that he might have to write one for Ike, too. Even the monumental calm of the Germans broke down on the Saturday before the conference opened. On the orders of Frau Bebber-Buch, Adenauer's doctor, the entire delegation spent the day scurrying over Paris, trying to find a church whose central heating could provide a temperature adequate for the Chancellor's devotions. The search, alas, was unsuccessful, and Adenauer missed his Sunday mass for the first time in years. From this initial spiritual setback, however, he made a remarkable recovery, and there is no doubt that he was the dominant figure at the meeting. At his press conference, after it was all over, he was in splendid form, his tiny truffle eyes glinting wickedly over the champagne glass he raised occasionally to his lips.

The Americans, by contrast, did not enjoy themselves. Convinced, before they arrived, that Europe would welcome their missiles with becoming gratitude, and would treat Bulganin's letters like last year's Christmas cards, they made the initial mistake of giving the press full details of the nine working-papers they brought with them. Hence, as the conference developed, the gap between the US objectives, and the actual decisions taken, became cruelly plain. Worse: Mr Dulles, with his customary ebullience, had arranged weeks earlier for *Life* to publish an article of his to coincide with the conference: and this stated American policy in even stronger terms. By the time it was obvious that the conference was taking a totally unexpected turn, *Life* had already gone to press, and the text reached Paris on Wednesday, thus heavily underscoring Dulles' diplomatic defeat.

What went wrong? The first sign that Europe was in revolt against American leadership was a calm, but firm, announcement from Norway and Denmark that in no circumstances would they allow missile sites to be erected on their territory. The rot spread rapidly. The Dutch said they were willing to have the missiles, but they thought France and Italy would be a much better place to put them—a proposition hastily endorsed by Belgium. Italy said she had not made up her mind; Greece, that it all depended on Cyprus. And the French? This was the first major blow to American hopes. In March, after the Bermuda conference, France had issued a peremptory demand that she be given missiles as well as Britain; and only a month ago, M. Pineau informed Dulles that the position had not changed since. Before the conference opened, however, Chaban-Delmas, the Gaullist Minister of Defence, told M. Gaillard that his friends were anxious about the infringement of sovereignty which a missile agreement entailed, and that he would not be able to answer for them if a definite commitment were made without further discussion. His view was confirmed by a survey of Assembly opinion carried out this week by the right-wing *Carrefour*. Significantly, one of those most hostile to the missile-sites was André Morice, who only two months ago was Defence Minister; and even those who pronounced in favour insisted that France must exercise absolute sovereign control over the war-heads. But if this is accepted, the US scheme collapses; for Eisenhower has still no plans for amending the McCarran Act, and in order to conform with its provisions the war-heads are to be placed in the custody of General Norstad, in his capacity as an American officer, not as SHAPE commander.

But the Brutus-blow was delivered by Adenauer. For the first time since America made him a world figure, his ancient voice grated harshly on Mr Dulles's ears. The new Soviet proposals, he said, must not be dismissed without full diplomatic exploration; and he himself would be delighted to do it. As for missiles, he would wait and see. At his press conference, it became obvious who was jogging his elbow: the new German general staff, for the first time since the war, re-emerging as a factor in world affairs. They are quite willing, it seems, to accept tactical battle missiles; but IMBMs, in their view, have no function to perform for Germany. None of this, of course, means that the Chancellor has suddenly donned the mantle of neutralism. On the contrary: only a fool, he said, would refuse missiles if the military pronounced them necessary. But the question is: which military—Norstad, or the new men in Bonn? There is every indication that the Chancellor meant the latter.

With Adenauer's *prise de position,* the conference ceased to be a military rubber stamp and became a genuine political forum. The communiqué papered over the cracks and breathed a spurious air of unanimity into its final stages, but it is abundantly clear that the US has been obliged to accept a hard bargain: in exchange for an agreement in principle—but only in principle—to bring her missiles across the Atlantic, she has been forced to undertake a definite commitment for further talks with Russia. What shape the talks will take is not yet known: but the general feeling in Paris was that they will develop, sooner or later, into a further summit meeting. This bargain was no accident: indeed, it accurately reflects a momentous shift of the balance of military power within NATO. Until the Americans can counter the Soviet ICBM with one of their own—that is, from now until 1960 at least—the military security of the US itself will depend, to a great and increasing extent, on Europe's willingness to provide sites for intermediate missiles. For the first time in her history, America cannot guarantee her own security without the help of others; and for the first time, therefore, she is learning that such help has to be paid for in political terms.

But what role, it may be asked, did Britain play in all this? The answer is: none whatsoever. Macmillan was paying the price for his ill-advised attempt to set himself up as Eisenhower's second-in-command. In order to get his 'upper tier' meeting at Bermuda—and so strengthen his position in his own party—he had surrendered Britain's bargaining-position before the conference even began. Britain had already agreed to have the missiles; the sites had been chosen; all that Macmillan could do, therefore, was to sit tight and blow through his moustache, while the contemptible little Europeans raked in their winnings. The impression he gave the conference—of an elderly gambler in the middle of a spell of bad luck—was in no way diminished by his ill-concealed cynicism towards the whole proceedings, which reached its depths when he held a confidential briefing of top US journalists. America was not to worry, he told them, because Britain had endorsed the demand for East-West talks; he only did it to satisfy public opinion at home, and nothing would come out of them anyway; it was all exactly like—then followed a complicated golfing simile. For the rest of the conference, he contented himself with giving a passable imitation of little Bidault in the good old days when he skipped dutifully through the Dulles hoop. With one difference, however: unlike Bidault, he was quite alone. Indeed, if any lesson for Britain emerges from this conference, it is that there are distinct disadvantages in having at the summit of our public life a man who has no public principles whatsoever.

Paul Johnson

Utopian Night

The trouble is, I can't mention names. Not for the usual 'reasons of security' but for a much older and better reason—that it would be discourteous. This was a private little meeting of men who have strong views about nuclear warfare and who mostly (for you can certainly leave me out here) brought to the talk a great deal of expert knowledge in various fields and some high-powered international reputations. The talk was very good indeed. Not one of the men who contributed to it was a Communist; all were men of the Western tradition of liberal democracy. If they did not talk sense, then I am no longer a judge of what is sensible. They dealt in facts clearly known to them. Having well-trained minds they were able to follow a thought through. They spoke clearly and quietly of what they knew and never came within a thousand miles of public platform or after-dinner oratory, all that boozy claptrap. Information and ideas were being exchanged; real progress was being made. But then suddenly it was all different.

We were turned into Utopians. There we were apparently, starry-eyed, screaming hysterically, almost foaming at the mouth, just another little delegation (paying its own expenses) from Utopia. Gone were the quiet, sensible, deeply experienced and knowledgeable men, and in their place, it appeared, were irresponsible head-in-the-clouds do-gooders. For there had arrived among us, just looking in to put us right, a realist, a practical man, a politician. No doubt his very presence would have soon made us see how far out of this world we were, but to make certain we understood the kind of people we were, in the eye of the practical man, the realist, he told us we were Utopian. I ventured to protest, in my capacity as a notorious irresponsible, that things had indeed come to a pretty pass when a desire to see the human race still inhabiting this planet could be considered Utopian, but I made no impression on the newcomer. Indeed, I never make any impression on politicians, who know me for the flibbertigibbet I am.

Any value that little meeting might have had quickly withered and vanished. The realist had arrived to lead us all back into Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. Let me acquit the political gentleman of any deliberate desire to make mischief. I do not for a moment believe that only a vast death-wish is at work in his mind. I am willing to grant that he has no conscious desire (though I am uncertain about his unconscious processes) to keep us all on the narrowing edge of a permanent crisis, all nervous and docile, eager to pay whatever is demanded of us, glad to recognise that he and his kind are really our potential saviours and not a mere gang of muddlers. I am sure he does not want a world in which somebody has only to press the wrong button to turn the northern hemisphere into a charnel-house. Perhaps late at night he is not really happy about the idea of distributing tactical nuclear weapons, all capable of demolishing a city or making half a county uninhabitable, as if they were merely Mills bombs. He cannot be looking forward to a time when nuclear weapons are accessible to any fly-by-night dictator, perhaps close to delirium tremens, who then has our permission to usher in doomsday. I think he is aware, if dimly, of these dangers. But being a realist, no Utopian, he feels that no large dramatic demands should be made, there must be no wild gestures, that we must proceed cautiously, step by step, taking two years or so to disengage this, another two years or so to disengage that, until finally, after ten years or so, we might be within sight of a world that settles down to manufacture bathroom fittings instead of intercontinental nuclear ballistic missiles. To an old Utopian like me, this realistic confidence that out of a growing madness somehow sanity will emerge, if you give it time, is itself lunatic and terrifying.

From where I sit, way up there in Utopia, on the slopes of the Big Rock Candy Mountain, dreaming my dreams, there are two things wrong with these realists, these practical men, the politicians and all those closely associated with them. The first—and it is an occupational disease so that I do not hold them personally responsible—is their staggering, almost frightening conceit. I remember an editor once telling me that in his view authors and actors, prima-donnas and film stars, and all the other familiar archetypes of human vanity, could not compare in their greed for notice, favour and applause, with most political leaders, whose unwavering rapacity for publicity and praise was almost maniacal. And everything that has happened in our time has tended to increase and strengthen this conceit. Fifty years ago, politicians—and they can hardly be considered lightweights when compared with those we know—thought of themselves as men doing one particular job among others doing other jobs, perhaps equally important. But as crisis has followed crisis, with the world sinking deeper and deeper into the morasses created by these practical minds, with more and more at stake at every turn and twist of the grand situation, until at last *everything* is at stake, the typical politician has more and more seen himself not as one man among others but as THE MAN, the one destined to rescue us from the pits into which the rest of us, in our mysteriously careless fashion, keep falling. Until at last, when we venture to protest against these practical arrangements (for which we pay but do not vote) that may soon turn us all into a helping of whitebait, we are told to mind our own little businesses and leave these big things to the men who know. Know what?

Even behind all this impressive hush-hush top-secret jockeying for power, there is a good deal of silly vanity. We have to take another unnecessary risk and buy another £100 million of explosive ironmongery in order that somebody or other can show off round a conference table. That these antics are not seen for what they are is due to the portentous treatment they are given in the press, which is crammed with practical non-Utopian types. Think of all the crowing and giggling and spluttering we have had over this Sputnik-Phutnik nonsense, as if the world's affairs had been handed over to eleven-year-old urchins! Which brings me to the second thing that is wrong and getting wronger. The politician and those closely associated with him spend more and more of their time in a close unhealthy atmosphere of plot and counterplot, of crises and dubious strategems and improvised shifts for Statement on Tuesday week, so that they hurry from tree to tree, with broad daylight far behind them, without knowing they are in a wood at all. These realists are too busy to stand back and take a look at reality. Not since they committed the initial folly of developing nuclear weapons here and using our homes as somebody else's aircraft carrier (all with an 'instant readiness' that, if the truth has been told about careful safeguards, is neither instant nor ready), have they ever had time to explain to us exactly what it is they are deterring. The Russians maintain an enormous army because they are afraid, their dreams still haunted by the rumble of those German armoured columns, and not because they have a neat scheme for fanning out the Red Army (and soon losing control of most of it) from Narvik to Gibraltar. The real Russian plan is to let the idea of Communism, which is capable of adapting itself to trouble-making almost anywhere, do most of the work for them, only moving up the tanks at the last moment. And their own senseless brutality in Hungary did more harm to that plan than anything our practical men have cooked up so far. Piling up increasingly monstrous 'deterrents', until we are all gibbering underground, is not a counterplan: it does not belong to politics at all, it belongs properly to psychopathology.

Now, as a little Christmas present, if only to give the realists a laugh – a trip to Utopia. There we do not believe in a long-term gradual disengagement because the whole increasingly hysterical atmosphere is against its success. We are all being be-devilled by a false security, a will o' the wisp. We must rid ourselves of these nuclear weapons before they rid themselves of us. We must try to 'contain' Communism not by continuing this suicidal arms race but by finding, as the Russians have done, an idea that will work for us. Now we have one challenge that Communism cannot accept – our belief in the freedom of the individual, in the idea that man should have certain inalienable rights. But not only are we not taking our stand on these rights but in all the fuss and fury of this endless 'deterring', this competition to send the largest piece of ironmongery the farthest distance, we are actually beginning to forget about them and to ignore them. The 'free world' we read and hear so much about begins to look less and less free. The practical men, the realists, are in fact throwing away the one challenging idea we have. Indeed, by stuffing it full of notions that did not properly belong to it, then deriding its pretensions, we have lost sight of the simple basic idea of the *Rights of Man*. If we accept the idea – and promptly behave as if we accepted it – which means a free world that is free and is not merely orating about it – and we everywhere challenge Communism to accept or reject it, either Communism by rejecting it loses much of the force of its propaganda or by accepting it begins to civilise itself. And we shall be civilising ourselves too.

Utopian? Of course. Now let's be practical, and not have Christmas at all next year but spend all the money we save making a rocket-submarine-bomb half a mile long that can go right round the world, blow us all to smithereens, and give us real security for ever.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Christmas Diary

AT this time of the year Camden Town has special claim on our memory. It is the home of the Cratchit family. They have lived there, to be exact, since 1843. Of course, things have changed since that time. Some families go up, some go down; the Cratchits have gone up. They could be seen, this Christmas, sitting in the glow of the electric fire, under the plastic decorations, watching the telly (twelve more instalments to go); Mrs Cratchit was not entirely attentive because she was thinking of her kitchen unit (ten more instalments), her washing machine and the bedroom suite (about the same); or, rather, she was trying to think about them instead of hankering after the old days when she and Bob used to go out for a Christmas drink. Tiny Tim was there, too, just down from the university and clearing ten pounds a week on his vacation job; he had shaved with his electric razor and he was playing his pop discs. It was all very different from life in their great-great-grandfather's time. And this was what Bob Cratchit was thinking about as he sat reading in the next room, for quietness, on one of the chairs of the dining-room suite which would soon be his. He was reading the *Christmas Carol*, the memoir of his family, the story that had made them famous all over the world. Their good fortunes had begun when old Scrooge repented, when he sent the turkey, and when the next day, great-great-grandfather got his raise. They have never looked back since.

* * *

Of course Bob Cratchit was not an old Dickensian character, like his great-great-grandfather. He was Economic Man. Even now he was bored by all the phantoms who seemed to have haunted the family history in the beginning, and his glance wandered guiltily to another book which lay open at the other end of the table. It was his cheque book. He had got only up to page 8 in it. He glanced at it many times and at last put the *Christmas Carol* down.

No doubt it was the puff of air caused by this action that fluttered one of the leaves of the cheque book and made it rise, waver and turn over; but when he took the family history up again, a second page of the cheque book at the other end of the table rose. He watched to see how it would fall. It turned right over like the first. This did not disturb him, but when a third page rose, then a fourth, Cratchit was alerted. The movement was so gentle, so slow, so deliberate; it was marked by a pause after each turn, which at last seemed purposeful. At the sixth turn Cratchit realised that Someone or some Thing was turning the pages and at the seventh he saw it: the white fingers, a little stained, of an old man. They turned the page, they passed rapidly over the cheque. There was a pen in the hand. It was writing. It was writing out cheque after cheque, pouring away Bob's money, blewing his salary, busting his bonus, draining his account.

After five generations of *A Christmas Carol* the Cratchits were on to phantoms like a shot. Bob got this one at once. Scrooge had come back. Not good old Scrooge, the miser, the slave-driver, the worker with the wonderful dream life, with whom you knew where you were. No, this was Scrooge, the damn convert, the reckless buyer of poultry, the high priest of Spendthrifts, the apostle of Extended Credit, the golden-voiced preacher of the Never-Never, the patron saint of Inflation and the brilliant angel of Debt. 'Curse you, Scrooge!' cried Bob Cratchit and woke up to see Mrs Cratchit saying it would be nice if they could go out like they used to in the old days. To this Mr Cratchit made a reply which has spread beyond his family and has become like scripture in the district: 'And leave all this stuff', he said indicating the telly and the rest of his home, 'And leave all this stuff eating its head off?'

* * *

There are other Cratchits too. The present scramble to turn inflated money into something more durable, even into works of art, is making serious difficulties for galleries like the Tate, which cannot hope to compete in a market where Greeks, South Americans, North Americans and Australians are paying £25,000 for a Braque or Matisse, and £15,000 for a Léger or a Picasso. Who is going to find the money? One can hear a pin drop. As we heard Shaw say in a news-reel earlier this year: 'The English are proud of the British Museum, but no one *wanted* it' – and left *his* money for reforming the alphabet! Patrons were rare enough when we had rich men; now we do not permit ourselves to have rich men, will the public become the patrons? No; the public still has the charity boy's attitude to the arts. It whines and refuses when asked to pay for its books and its pictures; it is masochistically proud of paying for its armaments. I could understand if the great public were indifferent to painting; in fact, large crowds flock to see the pictures. They belong to a generation which has had, for the first time, a marked degree of education in painting and music.

* * *

Although born under Sagittarius, I am not much of a hunter, sportsman or lover of animals. Not loving them much I do not kill them often. I would be horrified if I shot a golden pheasant. But I am the owner of a very pretty case of stuffed creatures – among them an oriole, two birds of paradise, a golden pheasant, and the duck-billed platypus. When I took these to be shampooed lately I found the taxidermist stuffing a wild hog. His assistants were working hard on fox masks, pike and trout – the bread and butter of the trade – having lately finished a porcupine, two or three peacocks and a camel (at present in two sections) for a Brazilian millionaire. Clinging to a branch on a bench was a sloth, soft to the touch. The stuffed bird and animal population do not entirely represent our love of slaughter. They are part of the product of the Victorian love of natural history, and if they are not so often found in private houses, cases of them give a freakish and ghostly air to the corridors of old hotels and bring a sort of sanctified stillness to country museums. If the private taste is dying, the demand from museums is still high; alligators must be kept in repair, the moth must be kept out of leopards and elephants' heads must be kept resistant. The art – for to catch the grace of nature *is* an art – is a scholarly one, at which the amateurs or Sunday bird-stuffers do not succeed.

The modern sportsman who wishes to preserve his supreme moment – the unforgettable pike, the sublime trout, the chaste white pheasant – differs from the Victorian in one respect; he does not want the grotto or woodland effects of the 19th century. No pebbles, no rocks, no fossils, no ferns or grasses; as in the English novel, there has been a decline in scenery. He wants the object, austerely alone. An important side-line of the taxidermist's business is the hiring out of animals to theatre and cinema. But who, I wondered, as I wandered among the lions, the snakes, the stoats, the armadillos and the bison, standing tepid and button-eyed – who, I wondered, wanted to hire a box of crows? And what connoisseur of monstrosity and horror had ordered the pair of Siamese calves? I imagine the peak of the stuffing trade was reached by Waterton when he manufactured a creature, supposed to represent 'the missing link' and showed it to the Royal Society at the time of the row with Darwin. This was a Baptist joke. Our finest stuffed creature is, of course, Jeremy Bentham. Does he still preside in University College? The last time I was there his box was empty.

* * *

The writers of detective fiction seem to have an extra brain. Many of them, like Dorothy Sayers, have despised or renounced their gift and have regarded it as an easy way of making money for unworldly interests. In her case, as with Chesterton and Conan Doyle and in the Graham Greene of the thrillers, that interest was religion. Is there some link between the two interests, between the conundrums of murder and the mystery of the life after death? Is it that theology is a first-class training for puzzle solvers? Do they train on the Trinity and the Christian imbroglios? The novels of Dorothy Sayers were among the first to put the novelists' background and technical knowledge into a form of writing that had been, up till then, skeletal; and in Lord Peter Wimsey she created a detective who made the social tone of English murder *sortable* and who countered the romantic notion – derived I suppose from Vidocq and Gaboriau – that detectives are better phlegmatic, morose and French. I am almost unable to read detective stories. They strain my poor memory and make my head ache. How can busy people find them relaxing?

* * *

I suppose I like my problems to be insoluble, and to have a quality of nightmare and despair like this one which cropped up in the Christmas rush at a big shop. An old lady holds up a large gaggle of customers and assistants because she is unable to decide which of a dozen handbags is suitable. To test them, she empties the contents of her own handbag into each one in turn. Finally with the crowd going mad around her she chooses. The rejected ones are swept into the general pile on the counter. Some are immediately sold and parcelled and taken off. A scrum of customers forms over the rest. In one of them the old lady has left her spectacles. But in which one?

V. S. PRITCHETT

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It will probably be four or five years before either the Russians or the Americans have accumulated a sufficient stock of missiles with a range of 5,000 miles. To start a war with anything less than this would be folly.—*Daily Express.* (D. B. Porter.)

There are no classes in Conservative Britain. Only varieties of people. – Advert. for the Conservative Party in *Sunday Times.* (Dominic J. Gill.)

Most original Christmas card of the year is being sent by Mr Basil Lindsay-Fynn, a London company director, and his wife. It shows his family group on the terrace of his London home. There is a bright yellow border. Beneath are the words: 'Ready for the Palace – 3 April '57'. Inside a message says: 'Early in life Caroline learnt to kneel to her Creator. This year Caroline learnt to curtsy to the Queen'. – *Daily Mail.* (Kenneth Tynan.)

Today is Daisy's, the Pekinese's, sixth birthday, and she wishes to send her love to all mankind.—C. —Advert in *The Times.* (J. W. McGuinness.)

The Day the Gate Was Opened

LAST Monday, Christmas eve, the Mandelbaum Gate between the two halves of Jerusalem was opened. The idea was to open it experimentally for the whole week from Christmas to the New Year. The usual practice for the last ten years—ever since the end of the "troubles" in the Fifties—has been to open it only for Christmas Day and then solely for Christians. But the present Mayors – *'Hawaja'* Levi (as he is called) in the New City, and Yusuf Bey al Mantalini, the Mayor of the Old City, were, it seems, together at the Alliance Israelite school in Jerusalem some 50 years ago. They have always been bitterly upset by the division of the Holy City since 1948, the more so as they are both in the same line of business—textile merchants. These two families have been friends literally for centuries. For *'Hawaja'* Rahamim Levi – a Sefardi Jew, of course—prides himself on being eighth generation Jerusalem-born.

Both Mantalini and Levi became municipal councillors under the British Mandate. Levi was nominated chairman of the Finance Committee, while Mantalini became chairman of the Public Works Committee—both very influential posts. They ended by becoming deputy Mayors, and, when Jerusalem split into two, each found himself Mayor of half a city. There was no communication between the two cities, except through the consuls who had offices on both sides of the line, or through the UN Truce Supervision Organisation. Levi and Mantalini kept in touch all the time through oral messages. Every summer, they and their wives, and the children and grandchildren, used to take the water at Vichy. By 1965, things in Jerusalem had improved so much that the Patagonian consul agreed (for a consideration, of course) to plug in Levi's office telephone to the New City consulate and plug in Mantalini's telephone to the Old City consulate so that they could talk at ease across the frontier. Their conversations were heavily monitored by both Jordan and Israel, but it suited everybody to keep this channel open. And it was in this way that they came to the idea that the gate should be opened to every resident of the Twin Cities for a whole week, starting from noon on Christmas Eve.

Just before noon, Israeli and Jordanian liaison officers at the Gate reported that they were ready for the great experiment. Then there was a long wait, as nobody wanted to be the first to cross, for fear of being thought a traitor. But at 12.48, the Jaffa Road Police Station in the New City announced with some excitement that a solid phalanx of beggars from the Old City was marching up the road. They were taking up their old positions at strategic street intersections outside the hospitals, cinemas and leading hotels. Jewish beggars who had pre-empted these favoured sites in 1948 just could not stand the competition. The Arab beggars were so much filthier than they, and displayed sores and deformations that had meanwhile gone right out of fashion in Israel. The Jerusalem Mendicants' Union hurriedly called an emergency meeting and their delegates called on *'Hawaja'* Levi in the middle of his siesta. He telephoned through to Yusuf Bey, who promised to install a beggar check-post at the Gate. But they swarmed across the frontier by every lane, in spite of the barbed wire and the mine-fields.

At the same time, the tide of New City housewives was rapidly pouring down into the Old City to buy fresh mutton, juicy home-grown apples, antique silver and American lipsticks. The Jewish shops were quite deserted, with their owners in a state, first of stupefaction and then of consternation. But they hastily pulled themselves together and rang up the UN Truce Observation Commission demanding a trade agreement between the two cities, based on the *quid pro quo*.

The Jewish artists and press photographers, of course, were early off the mark, peering into the Old City courtyards to find new angles; hiring models for the morrow; and filming newsreels. But the Arabs who, till then, had meekly submitted, now began to charge for their services. The tariff rose steeply as the day progressed until, by sundown, all the major news agencies were bombarding their head offices in London and New York to put up to the Security Council the basic issue of free entry.

El Shebab, the Arab young-men-about-town, had meanwhile dressed to kill. In their highly polished brogue shoes, purple socks, long striped silk knee-length shirts and Arab headgear, but with brown western jackets, they wandered up into the New City in threes and fours. They twirled their canes, stroked their tiny black moustaches, stared at all the lingerie shops and ogled the prettier girls passing by, until Israeli soldiers on leave objected.

Even so, the *Shebab* crowded into the second houses of the cinemas and, in the dark, made catcalls whenever Jewish troops appeared in the newsreels, and cheered at the showing of Arab prisoners-of-war. This somewhat surprised the Jewish members of the audience who, till then, had not felt particularly hostile to Arabs. But if the Arabs cheered the Arab prisoners, they would boo them. Tempers rose to such a pitch that, when later the main picture came on about Saladin and the Crusaders (originally filmed in the Misr Studios in Cairo in 1934) and the Arabs identified themselves with the Saracens, the Jews promptly identified themselves with the Crusaders, and there was a free fight.

At dusk, a party of Orthodox Jews, in their side-curls and caftans, was organised by the Chief Rabbinate to make a pilgrimage to the Wailing Wall and the Jewish quarter. The wailing at the Wall was not nearly so frantic as that which broke out when the party beheld the ruins of the Jewish quarter and its desecrated synagogues. They sat on the ground, tore their clothes and beat their breasts. The Arabs standing by—long used to this spectacle—became affected by the piteous sight and began to weep, too. A wave of mass hysteria swept across the Old City until the mob tried to storm the Citadel lock-up and rescue a group of Arab profiteers. Yusuf Bey hastily implored *Hawaja* Levi to recall the mourners who were disturbing the peace. So a group of UN observers was organised to shepherd them back.

The Arab Legion detachments in the Old City were very helpful during this operation. Ever since noon they had had nothing to do; mass fraternisation was the order of the day. They stood by, as old friends, Arabs and Jews, met in the street by chance. *'Kaif halak?'* – How are you? – the Jew would exclaim. *'Shalom! Shalom!'* the Arab would reply, pumping the arm of his erstwhile friend. After exchanging eighteen years of family gossip, they could think of nothing more to say. Too much water had flowed down the Jordan and the two countries had drifted apart for good.

The Jewish doctors and lawyers, of course, strolled down under the starry Christmas night to see their former clients in the Old City. This started a panic among the marginal Arab doctors and lawyers who were terrified of losing their practices. They hastily propounded a scheme to Yusuf Bey whereby no one could practise in Jordan without a Jordan licence, with the stipulation that no more licences could be issued for five years, as the professions in Jordan were overcrowded anyhow. At the same time, all the Arab landlords in the Old City with property in the New City trooped along with demands for payment of rent due *before* partition, with interest for seven years. A wave of panic was started in many Jewish households.

Israeli civil servants, who now work till midnight on four days of the week, on leaving their offices went down to a meeting as guests of the Old City branch of the Jordan Civil Servants' Association. They were amazed to find that Jordanian officials had no automatic deductions from their salaries, such as they paid to the Israel government pension scheme, the *Histadrut* trade union, the Arms Fund, the Jewish National Fund, the Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Euthanasiatic Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. An Israeli civil service strike was immediately called and the Cabinet resolved that this fraternisation experiment had to stop forthwith.

By midnight it was decided that, instead of keeping the Gate open for a whole week, it must be closed at once, after only twelve hours.

EDWIN SAMUEL

Jerusalem, 26 December 1967

Home is Where the Heart Is

ONE does not expect to see Pallas Athene in Harris tweeds, Spiridon thought, as he opened the door without knocking, but there she was—hair the colour of Hymettus honey, profile off a Greek coin!

"Forgive this intrusion, Mrs. Baker!" He spoke in Greek, and bowed with the stiffness of plump middle age. "May I ask you to spare me five minutes? I need your help."

Theodora Baker glanced at her watch on the trestle-table beside the amphora which she had just finished restoring. Everyone else in the Department of Antiquities must have gone to lunch, and the stranger was probably aware of the fact. Her slight hesitation betrayed uneasiness. After all, this was Cyprus.

"No need for alarm, Mrs. Baker." The olive skin of his blue-jowled face creased into a friendly smile. "I'm George Spiridon of the Cyprus Bar Council, but I spent many happy years in London, where I was called to the bar. May we sit down?"

He scraped his chair forward and sat astride it, pausing as if to consider how best to put his case. There was something engaging in his mixture of dignity and informality, and she couldn't help smiling back at him.

"Go ahead, Mr. Spiridon!"

"I want to talk to you about a young woman called Elene Xambrianou."

"Xambrianou? I don't know that name."

"No," he agreed. "No, you don't know Elene Xambrianou. She died in hospital three months ago."

So he wasn't after a job in her department for some relation at any rate. "I'm an archæologist, Mr. Spiridon," Theodora said. "What has this to do with me?"

"You'll see, Mrs. Baker." He nodded. "Only be patient with me. You permit a few, perhaps personal, questions?"

A slight shrug was all the encouragement he needed.

"Were you happy in England?" he asked her. "Or did you sometimes pine on those bleak, foggy days for the sublime light of Greece? For 'Athens, the violet-crowned'?" He laughed his rumbling laugh. "You see I'm acquainted with our classics!"

"You seem to be acquainted with plenty besides the classics," she snapped. "We didn't live in your foggy London. My husband's what they call a 'man of Kent'."

"But, of course, Mrs. Baker. Silly of me. I know the Sergeant-Major comes from Kent. From the hop-gardens, Pluckley or Smarden way, I believe?"

But he didn't let her speak. He rushed on.

"Life can't have been any too easy for you on a corporal's pay. And I'm sure you often thought of your old home? You remembered the icons, the Tanagra figurines, the sculptures, the music and wine, and the civilised talk of those pre-war days?"

"You knew my father!" Theodora exclaimed with a sudden collapse of reserve. "You visited my parents in Athens! Forgive me for not remembering you, Mr. Spiridon. I was only a schoolgirl."

"Alas, no!" He shook his head. "I didn't know the Herr Professor. But I do know that he was one of the finest archæologists who ever came out of Germany. Tell me, how did you find life in Pluckley? Did you enjoy it, *Kyria*?"

He substituted the Greek "*Kyria*" for "Mrs.," and realised at once that his timing was premature. He held up his hand to ward off her words.

"Please! We're both professional people." He waved a hand round her workshop. "I hold you in esteem. I'm deeply serious. Believe me! I'm presenting the case of Elene Xambrianou to the true, the ideal Greek woman. You will pity her."

"I'm British, Mr. Spiridon," she said severely, rising from her chair. "And you know it. My husband is a member of Her Majesty's Forces—you know that, too—I'm a government servant myself, working in a government department. As a Cypriot, you also carry a British passport. I don't hold with *Enosis*, and I never shall."

"Mrs. Baker!" he cried, leaping up and shoving his chair away. "You must listen to me. You are Greek! Your widowed mother is Greek. The Herr Doctor was German, a Jew, and you saw a storm-trooper kick him to death in his own library. You detest violence! Brutality! Fascism! You married the first British soldier to drive his tank through liberated Athens, and you went back with him to England. But you're not British. You're Greek. British on paper, maybe. In your heart Greek!"

He released her wrists and she slumped back into her chair. Spiridon had no right to say it, but it was true. Harry had seemed so free and fearless when one spoke no English. "Zito Hellas!" he'd cried, "long live Greece!" waving a great bunch of jasmine at her and expending his two words of Greek.

But the conquering hero at home, in his mother's tumble-down insanitary Kentish farmhouse, turned out a frustrated bully who expected his wife to get up at five, cook bacon on an oldfashioned range and go hop-picking with barbarians till dark. The villagers sniggered at her and called her "The Greek." It was not to please her, but to satisfy his own frustrated ambitions that Harry went back into the Army.

"About Elene Xambrianou," Spiridon continued, pressing his advantage. "The girl died in hospital after a miscarriage. She'd been repeatedly punched in the face by a British security officer. Her nose was broken."

"So it's true!" Theodora cried. "These rumours are true! The British do these things! They're as bad as the Nazis. As bad as the Communists. I didn't believe it. Go on, *Kyrie*, go on!"

Spiridon lit a couple of cigarettes.

"I talked with Xambrianou in hospital," he said. "Her man was thought to be a terrorist who knew the whereabouts of Grivas. Actually he was a harmless cobbler. But she died for the mistake."

"The poor one!"

"She was able to describe her interrogator to me," Spiridon continued. "A handsome dark fellow. Tall. He spoke a bit of Greek. He'd a gruff voice, it seems, and a rather curious mark on his left temple, like a strawberry."

He paused to blow his nose.

"But I'm boring you, Mrs. Baker! I must take myself off. I made a mistake. You really are pro-British. I know when I'm defeated."

"No," she said. "No. Don't go yet."

She tried to relight her cigarette with a spill from the brazier. He helped her.

"What else do you want to tell me, *Kyrie*?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing. Except there's a rumour that General Grivas is in hiding not so far away. In the Kyrenia mountains immediately below the ruined fort of St. Hilarion. It's only a rumour, you understand? But I wonder if he really is there? I wonder if they'll get him? I wonder!"

Late the following afternoon Theodora had another visitor. He too was immediately smitten by her appearance. But Colonel Grainger was, as he himself proudly admitted, no intellectual. He didn't see grey-eyed Athene. He saw Theodora in a *boîte* near the Place Pigalle with that lovely hair all undone and just a fig leaf or two.

This induced a wave of shyness in the big blond man, so that he blurted, without even remembering the picture in his day-nursery: "When did you last see your husband, Mrs. Baker? What I mean to say is, there has been an unfortunate accident."

How inept the British can be, she thought.

"Harry left our quarters late last night, Colonel," she replied. "He hadn't come back this morning, when I set off for work."

"Mrs. Baker," he said, "I want you to know that your husband's name, the name you bear, will go down among the proudest in the records of British Military history."

"Harry is dead?" she said quietly.

"Harry was one of my most trusted men," Grainger went on. "He had his own methods of obtaining information, and there his knowledge of Greek helped, of course." He bowed. "That was a tremendous asset. Naturally when he told me he'd heard something last night, I backed him up. I let him follow his hunch, Mrs. Baker."

"Yes?" she said.

"I'm afraid his hunch let him down. He and a couple of his pals fell into a terrorist trap. They were all three killed in the mountains below St. Hilarion."

"All three!" she exclaimed.

He bowed his head.

"If you wish to see your husband, naturally you may. But I'd recommend not. He was identifiable, of course. But I suggest you preserve your memory of him as you knew him, my dear.

"I don't want to see Harry now," she said, picking up two potsherds from the trestle-table and absently fitting them together.

"The funeral will take place with full military honours." He could have wept. "And then you will want to go home to England. No need for you to be troubled with anything at all. I will make all arrangements."

She picked up another fragment excavated from some ruined Greek city of thousands of years ago, when Greece and Cyprus were closely related, long before the days of the Crusaders, the Venetians, the Turks and the British.

"Thank you, Colonel," she said quietly. "Thank you very much. You're very kind. But I can tell you now that I shan't want a passage to the UK. You see"—and she held one of the potsherds up against the light—"my heart is in my work. And it's clear to me now that my work lies here, in Cyprus."

ROSE MARIE HODGSON

New Year Greetings

'. . . I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys and seen them take tobacco.'
The Alchemist (Ben Johnson) Act III, Sc. II

A Tough New Year to the Angry Boys –
  How long have you been at it now?
Perpetual youth its zeal employs
  Through pages of *The Golden Bough;*
Prometheus but renewed the scrapes
Of youthful anthropoidal apes.

When Œdipus did in his Dad
  And went and married Mum and all
I grant that it was pretty bad,
  But not the least original;
There was much older precedent
For knocking the Establishment.

Then Nero's Ma, a painted bag,
  Thought she could rule the roost in Rome;
He told his pals to drown the hag –
  He had no time for home-sweet-home;
This conflict of the generations
Had made him tough with his relations.

The young Plantagenets, whose sire
  Was Becket-busting Henry II,
Were AYM, whose zeal and fire
  Would greatly have appealed to you:
The sight of Henry made them mad –
Their battle-cry was 'Down with Dad'.

When Henry Hotspur made a crack
  On Owen's supernatural powers
Was he the first to answer back
  To old, preposterous Glendowers?
The heresy of simple truth
Was the first heritage of youth.

Kit Marlowe and the School of Night
  Were true to the eternal type –
Bombastic, bellicose and bright,
  With a divining rod for tripe;
But Kit was not the first for whom
Death waited in a little room. . . .

So, when the pedants bleat and bore
  And when you swagger on the stage
The rest of us, who felt before
  (In hopeless youth) your holy rage,
Will lend a faint, frustrated cheer
In this New (inauspicious) Year.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

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The Carol Singers

THE Rectory was two-faced. It had, that is to say, two front porches and two front doors. One porch, on which I was sitting in a cane chair, looked down across a slope of grass to a cypress swamp. When you stood at the edge of the swamp and looked towards the house you saw it in its original aspect, as it had been built a little over a hundred years ago, a two-storey frame building masked by six square pillars that reached up and across the frontage. In those days it had been a plantation house, and the swamp had been a navigable loop of a creek along which cotton could be moved to the Yazoo, and down to the warehouses at Vicksburg.

A more modest porch, little better than a screened verandah, gave the Rectory its modern face. This one you saw when you stood in the centre of the square by the Confederate memorial and looked at the houses built when the town was laid out afresh by Yankees who came through with the railway during Reconstruction. But for the clumps of longleaf pine, and some old live oaks by the church, this part of the town might have been a New England village: Main Street, with its neon-lit stores clustering round the Trailways bus station, lay beyond, near the railway tracks, and beyond these lay the coloured section.

I had intended to spend two days here tracing out the complicated campaign in which, in the wet December days of 1862, General Grant had sent gunboats through the creeks and bayous of the Yazoo Pass in an attempt to outflank the defences of Vicksburg. And then, visiting the Rectory – which for a time had been the headquarters of the Confederate commander Pemberton – I had slipped on the back porch, the original porch on which Pemberton must have sat while his men felled trees to block the passage of the Federals, and broken my ankle. Southern hospitality demanded that I become a guest at the Rectory until, in the New Year, the cast could come off and I could drive on.

It was the day before Christmas. My host, the Reverend Johnson, was across at the church preparing for the children's party in the afternoon. I was dozing in the morning sun, wondering how Pemberton must have felt as he heard the guns in the distance on Christmas Eve ninety-odd years ago. And, as I listened to Mrs. Johnson and the maid, Clara, bustling round the house, it was easy to lose the actual words of their soft drawl and imagine, instead of Christmas preparations, the frenzied packing of china, silver and linen, the instructions about burying the salt barrels, and getting the flour and bacon on to the waggon. The War is still close beneath the veneer that modern America has laid over the South.

And yet, at first glance, if you came to the Rectory from the square, you might never know that it had another face that looked out across the cypress trees to the past. On the door, as on all the other doors round the square, was a chaplet of evergreen. On the porch stood a fir tree, decorated with tinsel and lights. On the dining-room mantelpiece, below the portrait of the Reverend's grandfather in a grey uniform, were greeting cards. This could have been any American home conforming to the seasonal pattern, just as the stores on Main Street conformed by dressing their windows with decorations that glittered cheaply and incongruously in the brighter sunshine.

I was comfortable. I was the first Englishman the Johnsons had ever entertained. And though they took my interest in their house, and in their War, as a compliment, it was my nationality that intrigued them. For the Reverend Johnson was an Episcopalian, and he looked upon the Church of England and all its practices with the affection of an exile for the customs of his homeland. And while I repeatedly disclaimed any association with the Anglican Church, he took my disclaimers as the modesty of a man who did not wish to embarrass his host by hinting, however indirectly, at the contrast between the sophisticated parishes of England and this distant outpost of the same faith, set in a culture dominated by all kinds of Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. We would sit on the porch by the hour, talking gently. I would try to turn the conversation to local history, and the Reverend would ply me with questions about bishops and curates, and church assemblies and high and low rituals. He made me feel an impostor. For the tone in which he talked always implied that I somehow had superior knowledge, that I could if I wished give him an assurance that his work would be approved if, by some strange chance, a visiting delegation of Anglican clergy one day descended upon him.

As Christmas came upon us, our talk turned upon the English Christmas. His knowledge of it, I soon discovered, was based entirely upon magazine articles, and upon *Pickwick Papers*. Nothing I could say, sitting there in the warm sun with the crickets shrilling from the swamp, could shake the ideal image he had carried with him through the years. Once again, he assumed I was afraid to embarrass him by suggesting that Christmas in Mississippi might not be all that Christmas would be for me in an English village. And when I talked of the bleak mornings, with fog hanging in the empty streets, or of the lamps flaring over the stalls in the market-place, he would nod cheerfully as if to say: 'Exactly. How unlike the sun striking back from the white houses and the magnolias. How splendid. How seasonal'.

He had always tried, he said, to capture the Christmas spirit for his parishioners – as if some incantation could translate Dingley Dell to the flat lands of the Yazoo delta. The annual performance of the *Christmas Carol* had, of course, an all-white cast. 'As you know,' he had said apologetically, 'it is a play about white folk.' But it was the one occasion on which his parishioners brought their Negro servants and employees to the church hall; I had been driven across myself to see it, and helped to my seat through a group of coloured men and women standing at the back. And he had asked me several times if his Christmas service was the same as one I might have attended at home; he had been delighted when, to please him, I had suggested he change the order of the carols. I am sure that if I had not been lame, he would have insisted that I play Father Christmas at the children's party, and that my presence would have given the event the stamp of authenticity that, depending upon the police-chief for the part, it normally lacked. By Christmas Eve, the Reverend would have turned the town upside down to make me feel at home.

When he came back from the church I was asleep. He woke me carefully, and from the broad smile on his face I could tell that he had hit on a new idea. 'It was something you said the other day,' he said. 'But it must be a surprise.'

That evening, the Johnsons gave a party. Most of the guests were members of their church – the well-to-do residents, some teachers from the local high school, and a sprinkling of cotton farmers. By now I was accustomed to the Reverend Johnson's pride in me, and I hobbled after him among the guests, punctuating his comments with phrases that expressed my appreciation of his kindness and my astonishment at the way everything resembled Christmas at home. He beamed his gratification. Then, about ten o'clock, he slipped out. A few moments later he came back smiling broadly, and winked at me.

From the front porch, the one that faced on the square, came the squeezed whine of a concertina and a choir began to sing: 'Hark, the herald angels sing'. The Reverend Johnson slipped up beside me and said: 'Carol singers. I arranged it specially with the African Methodist minister'.

We listened through four or five carols. Then the voices stopped, and I heard the wooden porch creak as the carol singers stepped down. There was silence in the room, and then the Reverend turned to me expectantly. 'It was just like England,' I said. 'Exactly?' said the Reverend. 'Really?' Stupidly, accidentally, the words slipped out. 'Really,' I said, 'but with one small difference.' 'Please,' said the Reverend. 'In England,' I said, 'we might ask them in and give them some refreshments.' The room was dead quiet.

Then Mrs Johnson spoke. 'So would we,' she said, 'but unfortunately, as you know, this house has no back door.'

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Arts and Entertainment

Music and Word-Music

IT was like old times the other night on the Third. This radio programme, once a source of national pride and international envy, now survives in a truncated form, and is to be found tucked away, all too appropriately, in an obscure and inconvenient corner of the *Radio Times*. But now and again something of its old spirit flares up. It cannot have been mere chance that gave us such a fascinatingly harmonious yet contrasted sequence of events: first, Bartok's Viola Concerto, then a 'Meditation' by Samuel Beckett; lastly, Matyas Seiber's *Ulysses*. Between these three programmes there were all sorts of subtle reflections and inter-relations. Beckett was James Joyce's secretary, and his amazing monologue (delivered with a virtuoso refinement of crazy rhythms and intonations by Patrick Magee) was itself a piece of pure Joycean word-music – a fantasy played by a master on a strange, cracked old instrument. The passage chosen by Seiber from Joyce's novel is also a meditation, taking the form of question and answer, on the beauty of the night sky and the mystery of infinity; and Seiber, though a pupil of Kodaly, shows in this work various signs of Bartok's influence – for instance, in the 'night-music' that describes the 'emergence of nocturnal or crespuscular animals' during a solar eclipse.

About Beckett's prose-poem I will say no more here, since it lies outside my province, except to express a doubtless vain hope that some company (? Argo) may elect to record so stunning a performance. Bartok's Viola Concerto is a highly controversial work – one of the main points at issue being to what extent it is really Bartok's at all. The music was left in very rough draft by the composer at the time of his death, and 'prepared for publication' by Tibor Serly. Bartok scholars like the admirable Mr Halsey Stevens

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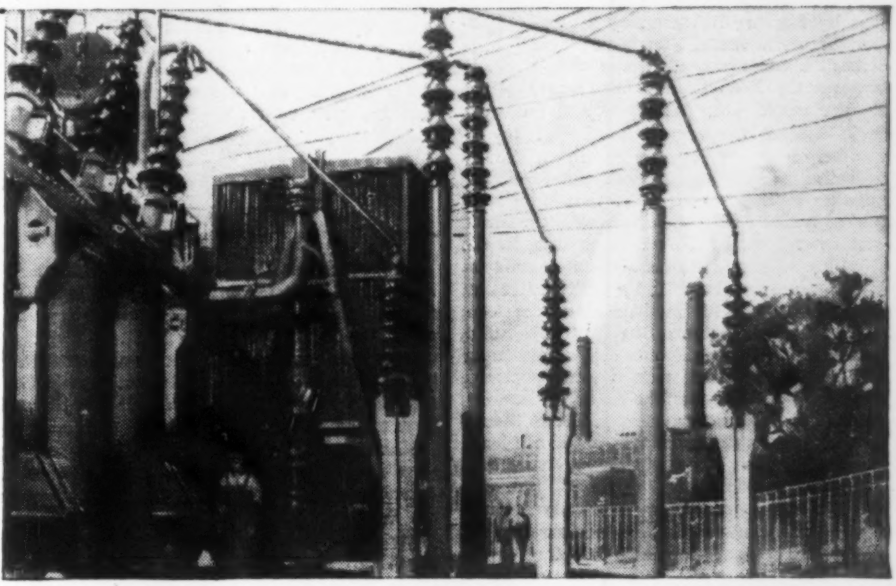

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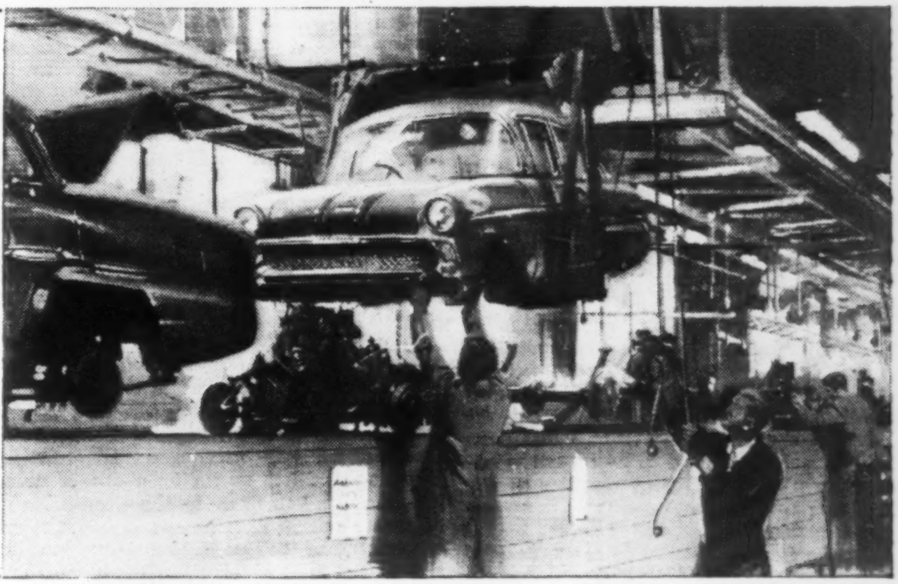

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are apt to be very severe on the resulting score; but I must confess that I find the music decidedly enjoyable, if undeniably less pungent and bold than Bartok's true masterpieces; the long decrescendo passage at the end of the first movement, and the first of the two 'interludes' which join the movements, seem to me especially notable inventions, while some of the thematic material is very fresh and taking. The work was well played by Herbert Downes and the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz.

Seiber's Cantata was admirably sung by Peter Pears and the BBC Chorus. The music wears well; yet would not, perhaps, quite hold our interest without the curious beauty of Joyce's text to help it. As on previous occasions, I found the opening and closing sections – the awed contemplation of 'the heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit' – to be musically the finest. In the central sections, devoted in turn to the ideas of hugeness and minuteness and of eclipses, Seiber displays an astonishing ability to invent musical equivalents for intellectual conceptions; true, the musical construction is always solid, and the resulting details are sometimes finely poetic, as in the moment when two solo sopranos circle around one another like a double star; but sometimes they show an almost medieval literalmindedness, as in the cancrizans chord-sequence which 'covers' the process of eclipse. At the end we are left considerably impressed, but also aware of a certain dangerous monotony in pulse and in thematic material. It is curious, by the way, that the composer seems to reach an opposite conclusion from his author. 'It was not a heaventree . . .', Joyce concludes; whereas Seiber, returning to his initial garlands of softly weaving choral polyphony against fine-drawn high octaves on solo violin and celesta, reaffirms the continuing truth, for him, of that first moment of vision that had inspired his work.

Both our opera houses are in full swing and both have lately presented their rival productions of *The Marriage of Figaro*. It was sad to see Sadler's Wells so empty, for theirs is by a long way the better. Not only is the scale of the smaller house right for the opera and for the English voices, not only are Malcolm Pride's sets among the handsomest and most suitable to be seen at either house, but the cast is generally superior and the music better sung. At Covent Garden Geraint Evans has now taken over the role of the Count, to which he is less suited than to that of the ebullient Figaro; while the new Figaro, Forbes Robinson, has not yet learnt to focus his tone clearly on the note. The best members of this cast were the Susanna of Adèle Leigh and the strikingly gaunt Basilio of John Lanigan. John Pritchard conducted, securing neater but less warmly human results than Michael Moores at Sadler's Wells. Here, the standard of enunciation was so high that point after witty point went straight home, and merriment had not to be evoked by resorting to silly stunts, such as Mr Evans's grotesque, long-sustained immobility, sword poised in the air, at the surprise entry of Susanna in Act 2. Douglas Seale's production at Sadler's Wells abounds in unobtrusive touches designed to clarify the intrigue and humanise the characters. It is seldom that we form so clear and amusing a picture of the domestic relations of Marcellina (a delicious sketch by Sheila Rex) and Dr Bartolo (Howell Glynne in fine crusty form). As the Countess, Judith Pierce showed a naturally attractive tone and a good sense of style; but her vocal production is at present uncomfortable. The Count, Raimund Herincx, is a wonderful acquisition: a firm, resonant baritone, with exactly the looks for the part. Our pleasure was completed by three clever performances: Marion Studholme as Susanna, Anna Pollak as Cherubino, and Joan Smalley as Barberina.

Otello is back at Covent Garden with the now familiar trio of principals. Vinay and Kraus are both distinguished artists whose vocal resources fall somewhat short of what is needed for Otello and Iago respectively; but Gre Brouwenstijn gave us some fine singing, notably in the Willow Song. A generally sound and dignified account of Verdi's masterpiece, the performance wanted energy and fervour. Not even so capable a musician as Edward Downes should be asked to conduct opera on six successive nights.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Gentle Amazons

THE French use the past for subtle commentary on the present; when we use the past it is either for sentimental pastiche or anachronistic knockabout. In *The Rape of the Belt* Mr Benn Levy tries to break through this barrier and very nearly brings it off completely. With a more ruthless cutting in the middle, and a rather sharper direction there too, success might have been unquestionable.

The theme is well chosen. Even the least lettered among us know what both Heracles and the Amazons stand for. And Zeus and Hera perched on either side of the proscenium arch act as a witty chorus and remind us of the details. The ninth labour set to Heracles was to procure the belt of the Amazon Queen. The curtain rises on the courtyard of the Amazonian Palace and the vast bulk of a conventional-type Amazon (Judith Furse) is bent over her blacksmith's forge. Over the wall creeps Theseus, Heracles's companion in this venture, and stealthily tries to pick up a huge mallet with which to club her: and he can't – it's too heavy; all he does is pinch his knuckles.

Then there is a splendid comic reversal. The Amazon brute turns out perfectly benevolent and when Heracles arrives presents the Queen – or rather two Queens; for the tribe is now ruled jointly by the practical and business-like Constance Cummings (Antiope) and the yawning, lackadaisical Kay Hammond (Hippolyte). Blusteringly Heracle demands the surrender of the belt: politely he is refused. The alternative, he bellows, is war. Nonsense, reply the Queens, they won't fight. The Amazons have become a quiet pacific sensible rational people who gave up war ages ago. It is the men, not women, who make wars and this is a woman's civilisation; a few selected men are kept in a hygienic studfarm for breeding purposes; but apart from the necessary replacements male children are quietly drowned at birth.

All this is laid out graphically, wittily and theatrically, bringing us to the impasse, Shavian in its excellence, where the strong man is left absolutely baffled when there's no one for him to be strong with. But then we hang fire for almost an act. Negotiations take place; Heracles and Theseus fall, not unnaturally, for the Queens; shamefaced burglary is tried. But none of this takes fire; it progresses flatly and this reveals once again, I think, the great danger of a leading actor working as his own producer. If Mr John Clements had been 'out front' watching these scenes in the round, he would have felt this, inevitably, and seen that something must be done. Instead he is playing Heracles in the middle of the scenes and trying to get them moving from the inside when what they want is more propulsion from the outside.

It wouldn't be difficult to do. For as soon as that propulsion is given in the last act, we are merrily off again. Hera, who has long threatened this from her perch in the proscenium, takes a hand. Perceiving that the Amazon cause will be lost if Antiope responds to Heracles, she descends and takes over the body of the other queen, Hippolyte, and in this disguise rouses the Amazons to their old martial fire. It shall be war, after all. Heracles is captured by a trick; and the Amazons are set to drilling and war-like exercises. Splendid fooling all this and quite excellent the bathetic end of their endeavours.

It may well be that by now that sag in the middle has been attended to and I strongly recommend the play in any case. Adult and civilised comedy is a rare treat on our stage, and this comedy is both adult and civilised without being in the least precious. And the acting is first class. To have Miss Constance Cummings and Miss Kay Hammond together in one evening should be enough to satisfy anyone; but as well there are the acidulated drops let fall from her perch by Miss Veronica Turleigh, with Nicholas Hannen's dry commentary opposite her, Miss Judith Furse's soon exploded ferocity as the Amazonian CSM, John Clements's upstanding Heracles and Richard Attenborough's Theseus, the one sop to the anachronistic joke-lovers. Agreeable decor by Malcolm Pride.

T. C. WORSLEY

Absence of Presence

LAST week I suggested that an excessive picturesqueness, a dependence upon poetic allusion rather than on the qualities of the painting as a painting, was the great flaw in British manifestations of 'painterly non-figuration' – to use the neat term with which Lawrence Alloway covers tachism, action-painting, abstract expressionism and abstract impressionism, in his catalogue of the recent exhibition at the O'Hana. If these British paintings are compared with the work of Americans such as Pollock, Rothko, Kline, Motherwell, Tomlin, Still, they strike us as peculiarly lacking in physical substance, physical presence, in a word, *concreteness*. They do not hold the wall, they float, they melt away as we look at them, do not affirm their physical reality as canvases covered with paint. We have the impression that, whereas the Americans have improvised on their canvases with the positive and unafraid intention of turning those canvases into live *things*, for these British painters improvisation has meant playing about with paint on the assumption that if they go on long enough something is bound to turn up, the something being some vague poetic suggestion.

The difference is not between a poetic art and an art which has physical presence and no soul: it is the difference between an art which relies on evoking things outside itself, an art that is somehow *transparent*, and an art which evokes other things only when it has firmly and decisively established its own reality. By the same token, the difference is not between a subtle art of tenuous suggestion, a shifting, ambiguous art, and an art of simple positive statements: it is the difference between an art that is all ethereal echo and an art in which there is something there to shift, something to be ambiguous about. None of our English paintings is more subtly pale and evanescent than Mark Rothko's, but the Rothkos have the decisive reality of a rock-face: they could scarcely be more transparent in texture, or more opaque in effect.

The only 'painterly' paintings in the show at the O'Hana which had something like the degree of physical presence that a Rothko or a Motherwell has were by Roger Hilton (his two later and larger canvases). There were good paintings by Moynihan and Davie, goodish ones by Wilde, Lanyon, Scott, Denny, Harold Cohen, but they none of them had this pictorial density that makes a painting, before it is anything else, a *painting*. Even Jack Smith, to look outside the O'Hana show, in spite of the sense of extreme density which his near-abstract paintings convey, presents that density through rather than in the painting (though less, perhaps, in the very recent yellow-and-brown pictures). But, of course, this transparency is not peculiar to British painters only of this type. Pasmore and Nicholson have it hardly less, and, indeed, of all the 'geometric' paintings in the O'Hana show, only the large Adrian Heath seemed *unassailably* there. This, I believe, is why Pasmore and Nicholson produce better work in relief than on the flat, since the medium itself provides the work with substance.

The flaw, indeed, runs through all British painting and has long done so. Even a master of Turner's giant size has it – though he exploits it, is not its victim, as Constable is. It seems to be the misfortune of British painters to be born with more in them of Shelley than of Keats. It is the family curse of British painting.

I suggest that this flaw is what is responsible for the odd look, the strained uneasy look, that virtually all British attempts at modern painting have had, because it is a flaw which runs absolutely counter to the central thesis of modern art, the thesis laid down in 1890 by Maurice Denis: 'It must be recalled that a picture – before it is a picture of battle-horse, nude woman, or some anecdote – is essentially a plane surface covered by colours arranged in a certain order.' The basic assumption of modern art – I speak of the major trends, those related to Matisse, Bonnard, Braque, Picasso, Soutine, Klee, Mondrian – is that the first concern of a work of art is to present a configuration of shapes and colours and marks which in and of itself stimulates and satisfies, and that only after this condition has been fulfilled can the subtlety of observation, the depth of human feeling and insight, the moral grandeur, expressed in the work, have validity: before the work conveys reality it must achieve its own reality, before it can be a symbol it must rejoice in being a fact, and the more it affirms its autonomous reality the more will it contain the possibility of returning us to the reality of life.

American-type painting is simply the extreme logical conclusion of this doctrine: its credo is the Denis definition shorn of its last words, 'arranged in a certain order' – or, the cynical might say, the Denis definition entire but with the last word changed to 'disorder'. And it is its indifference to order, or cultivation of disorder, that gives it its historical importance. For the earlier consequences of the idea of art formulated by Denis were forms of art in which the order of the work was too obviously emphasised. In answer to the schematic rhythms of Cubism and its offshoots, American-type painting has shown that the picture can have a life and presence of its own without having to look like 'flat, coloured architecture' (to use an expression of Juan Gris): it only has to look like paint on canvas. Furthermore, American-type painting implies that, just as a painting does not have to depend for its vitality on resembling pre-existing phenomena, neither does it have to depend on conforming with any pre-existing canon of order. Its order as well as its subject-matter can be evolved in the art of painting, for the ultimate reality of painting lies in painting.

And in this kind of abstract painting, it is only after the reality of the picture itself has been established that its evocations – of states of feeling, of sensations remembered and half-remembered – have meaning and point. British paintings of this kind are like coals in the fire or cloud-formations or damp-stains on the wall – they are not seen in themselves, they merely serve to stimulate the fantasy of the spectator. In a sense, they do not begin to be works of art, for the work of art must offer a *resistance* to the spectator's fantasy, a check as well as a stimulus. In figurative art the reality, the presence, of the object represented has this dual function of firing and resisting our imagination so that our relationship with the work always remains reciprocal, does not become a one-way traffic into daydreaming. In non-figurative art it is the reality, the presence, of the painting itself that has to fulfil this function. In so far as it lacks this reality, our British non-figurative painting is a lot of poetic kerfuffle in a vacuum.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Midwinter Masterpieces

ON these dark evenings after the brief starburst of Christmas, with the winter solstice barely past and the victory of spring far off in the sluggish calendar, we hug our hearths and are little inclined to venture out into the foul ways. For such folk – and there are many millions of us in these frozen latitudes – the BBC is providing handsomely this New Year (whatever I may have said recently about the shortage of plays specially written for television). On the next 14 Sundays running we shall be able to enjoy, under the general title of *Television World Theatre*, as catholic an anthology of great drama as has ever been presented at any festival. The series begins this Sunday (29 December) with *Henry V*. It includes *The Cherry Orchard*, a new adaptation of *Women of Troy*, Gogol's *Government Inspector* ('do not blame the mirror if your face is at fault'), *The Master Builder*, that gay piece of *chinoiserie*, *The Circle of Chalk*, and (in two instalments) *Strange Interlude*. The only play not already known in this country will be *The Judge*, by the Danish playwright H. C. Branner, of which Mr Michael Barry, Head of the BBC Television Drama, claims – justly, it would seem – that since it is a 'closely constructed drama of the reunion in unusual circumstances of a small family group', it is 'particularly suited to television'.

If you want to know more about this splendid project, you can get for a shilling a descriptive pamphlet published by the BBC (35 Marylebone High St, London, W1). It does not, however, contain the names of the actors in these plays (with the exception of Dame Edith Evans in *The Dark is Light Enough*). This is not a deliberate abandonment of the star system: it is simply because not all the players are yet booked, one of the difficulties of planning TV drama being that actors do not usually know well in advance when they are going to be free. Those who will appear include John Neville, Paul Rogers and Nora Swinburne. But the names are given of the 13 producers now at work on their respective tasks. Anyone who has ever put a nose inside a TV (or movie) studio when a major production is in train will realise what a big and complex job it is to broadcast 13 such productions, live, in successive weeks. There are still up to ten million viewers in Britain who can usually get BBC programmes only, and if ITV can hold getting on for four million people for two hours (as it substantially did, though with some falling away halfway through) with Granada's recent production of *Death of a Salesman*, these plays ought also to coax a good few addicts away from the banalities of *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*.

It is fascinating to think of cottagers in the remotest corners of Sutherland or Brecknockshire or Essex – old people who will die without having ever visited theatre or cinema – thus quietly invaded by the wonders of Ibsen and O'Neill. Surely, in years to come, our village dramatic societies will be able to risk attempting plays of better quality than they usually do?

Sound-radio's most interesting play in the near future should be Alfred Savoir's *Lui* in a translation by Patric Dickinson (Third, 7 January, 9.10 p.m.). This play (which is banned by the Lord Chamberlain) is largely an argument about the existence of God, set in a Swiss hotel conference. All the delegates but one vote that God does not exist; the sole theist (who has escaped from a mental hospital) suddenly announces that he is himself God.

One thing required, and seldom found in those taking part in this sort of debate, is an approximate equality of intellectual stature. This seemed to be lacking in an interview some time ago between Mr Malcolm Muggeridge and Dr Alec Vidler, the learned and sombre Dean of King's, Cambridge. It would indeed be invidious to attempt a qualitative comparison between these two able minds; but Mr Muggeridge, no doubt deliberately assuming the role of the *vulgarisateur* in reverse, seemed to be trying to import the strident naiveties of Hyde Park into the don's study—an intrusion disconcerting to don and viewers alike, since Dr Vidler would be at his best, I think, if tackled at the higher rather than the lower level of argument. It could indeed be claimed that Mr Muggeridge's questions *are* the questions about religion that ordinary people ask: someone, then, less extraordinary than Dr Vidler should have been found to answer them.

This awkward disparity was not altogether avoided in the hundredth edition of ITV's programme *About Religion*, in which three notable Christians (Fr Huddleston, the Abbot of Downside, and Dr Micklem) argued with 'three happy Philistines' (Mr Stephen Spender, Mr Ludovic Kennedy, and Mr Daniel Farson). The Philistines began with an unprovable, and probably false, assumption – that 'there has been since the war a decline in church-going'. (There was a drastic decline between the wars but, so far as this can be checked, a slight increase in the past ten years.) Mr Spender also seemed, at first, to be echoing the staler half-truths and demagogies of orators' corner, with his complaints of 'great investments in slums' and 'pontificating pronouncements by church leaders'. (What should pontiffs do but pontificate?) Stock attacks evoke stock answers, and 'any stigma is good enough to beat a dogma with': an attack, or an answer, is not necessarily true or false because it is stock, but it becomes tedious with frequent repetition. However, the rival teams did succeed in taking the argument a little deeper than this, thanks largely to Dr Micklem and Mr Kennedy. Kennedy cornered the Abbot once, obliging him to define the physical element in his concept of heaven and hell; but was himself caught in the act of confusing sensation with apprehension. It is as difficult for trained theologians to argue with even the most intelligent agnostic as it is for physical scientists to argue with classical scholars who dismiss their science as 'stinks'. On the whole, I agreed with Mr Kennedy's summing-up – 'six intelligent people unable to communicate with each other because of language'.

TOM DRIBERG

XUM

An Indian Masterpiece

Now and then the wholly captivating film does arrive, the film we could sit through again immediately, and again. Such is *Pather Panchali*, at the Academy, where of course at the end of our 115 minutes we had to get up and go. And to think that, scarcely a month ago, duty or inertia impelled us to sit out nearly four hours of *The Ten Commandments*! Still, there is the consolation that, in the weeks to come, visits may be paid to the Academy; and in a sense, once arrived, *Pather Panchali* will be with us always.

It is the kind of masterpiece that, despite the imitation goods that have poured out for so long from the second biggest film-industry in the world, one always felt India should and must produce. Jean Renoir went there to make *The River*, and perhaps that was the beginning. Satyajit Ray learnt from him, came to Europe and found De Sica, returned to spend four years on the story of a family in a Bengali village, importing at least one actress (more of her later), but never, I imagine, employing a studio for one foot of the shooting. When I see a film so triumphantly made, I am inclined to feel that this is the only natural way of cinema. The feeling is of course absurdly biased; but it gives some idea of the persuasion of a method which, employed with skill and passion, has provided more of the screen's masterpieces than any other. The achievement of *Pather Panchali* ranks somewhere between *Louisiana Story* and *The Childhood of Maxim Gorki*. It is in mood and genius of place nearer the first; its discovery of a family and of childhood ally it with the second. But essentially it is itself. Satyajit Ray, making his first film, goes straight into the rank of born film-makers.

The family is poor, having lost its orchard to a neighbour; the house needs repair; the yard walls have gaps that can be stepped through; there's only one cow; jungle encroaches; and the rains pour in. Work – and payment – aren't easily found: and so little would make this family of an accountant with literary dreams happy! They are happy by nature, fretted and in the end driven out by circumstance. Father and mother, girl, small boy, ancient Auntie – who pilfers from the kitchen and then after a row removes to other relatives, but comes back; if the film explored no other character but hers (marvellously played by Chunibala Devi), it would justify itself. This portrait of very old age goes beyond anything of the kind I've encountered in the cinema; every movement pathetically or amusingly gives away, and every stillness; one day, by the forest path, she sits resting; her head inclines forward; when the children touch her she falls over. It is through their eyes chiefly that we come on the water-skaters on the pool and the storms, the great railway train that has been heard years before as a small piping in the silence, the carrier of sweets who comes round, the angry grocer squat-legged in his shop, the extraordinary brass-band playing 'Tipperary'. (Through the film a lively melancholy of plucked strings or pipes comes and goes between talk.) Satyajit Ray has the gift of seeing things and people as they are, and making them – without violation – beautiful. No report on local conditions could present the facts more plainly, yet we are more concerned with family and place. Auntie dies, the girl dies, the father goes off to a town to earn money, the boy sees everything – and especially the train! – and then, boy, father, and mother, they pack up for the town. *Pather Panchali*, taken from a popular trilogy of novels, will be followed at the end of its run by a sequel.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Tivoli's Pantomimeteater, at the Prince's

To stand in the open air on a summer's evening in the Tivoli gardens, watching the faded charms of a middling harlequinade, is a very different experience from sitting in a closed theatre with nothing but the stage performance to distract the attention. The Danish company that plays in Copenhagen's pleasure garden has come to London with traditional pantomimes of Harlequin and Columbine, which to me seem most painfully slow and simple-minded. The music repeats its regular phrases over and over again, as the dancers mime their little sentences back and forth. Pierrot slowly carries a chair for his master, who slowly sits down in the wrong place and slowly falls over. If this conventional comedy were to be played at top speed, with elegant precision of gesture and Latin gaiety, it would become effective; but as it is the physical speed and emotional weight of the actors set a pace that would make any sensible child scream.

The ballet divertissement in the centre of the programme, which needs a less subtle and sophisticated art, is far more lively. There are crinoline and parasol flirtations, national dances and a ballerina with a tutu and a strong technique, prancing on her toes in the arms of a top-hatted, white-tied gent. The fun is of a coy, finger-wagging genre: the Danes have a taste for it.

A. F.

Correspondence

BRITISH DOCUMENTARY

SIR, – As there's been a lot of discussion about documentary films lately, perhaps my recent experience might be of interest. After ten years of feature-film making, I have just made a sponsored documentary. I found it exciting and frustrating. It was exciting because one could work once again with small technical units. It was also exciting because one could use real people again. It was wonderful not to have to thumb through *Spotlight*, examining the same dreary blank faces, and wondering what 'names' would look well on the cinema canopy.

It was frustrating because the film was sponsored. Broadly speaking, most documentary films are sponsored by large companies, United Nations agencies, etc. They are 'vetted', edited and supervised by that fearsome race, the public relations officers. Holding down their jobs by sycophancy to their principals and company policy, they are the most expert-emasculators in the world. Not a word that might offend, not a gesture that might ridicule, is allowed through. Everything must be played safe. The result was seen at the Films in Industry Festival at Harrogate. Most of the films shown were just complacent puffs for private enterprise. (Having said that, I must admit there are occasional exceptions. Fords, for instance, sponsored the Covent Garden 'free cinema' effort.)

I found the workers now in documentary very different from those of my day. This, I dare say, may sound blimpish, but we were dedicated. Nowadays the film-makers are generally cynical and bored, earning their living through the 'industrials', and waiting and hoping for the odd subject that will give them a creative chance. They seldom seem to go out and look for subjects, and few appear to have any social conscience. Hardly any new exciting minds are coming into the documentary business. For one thing, it's still tremendously hard to get a union ticket. For another, as there's no attempt at proper training, imaginative people are just bunged on to the cameras to sweat it out loading magazines or carrying tea, with the blithe belief that they'll pick up technique as they go along. And, usually, there's no security of employment. As a result, the best people are going into television.

Is there, then, any hope of a future for documentary films in this country? On the present set-up, I think very little. And yet there is still a great need for it. With feature films now costing so much, subjects of social significance, for instance, are almost taboo. In the last year two such stories were written and considered. Admittedly, both were a commercial risk because they were criticising The Establishment and were about unusual facets of society. Both didn't get made, because they needed the documentary treatment and had no place for stars or even known professionals.

The main disaster to documentary was, of course, the closing down of the Crown Film Unit. Is it too late to hope that something like the Crown Film Unit could rise again? It might be said that television is doing a lot that was done in documentary films. But their approach, by the nature of the medium, must basically be that of reportage. Their budgets also must be very low, as generally, after one showing, they're finished. In straight reporting, they're doing a fine job. But they haven't the time for poetry.

Having just been round the world, I was surprised to find that practically every country now has a National Film Unit of some sort. Not all are successful, of course. Some just pander to building up the egos of the politicians. Others do nothing at all. But a lot are recording their countries' achievements, culture and ambitions in striking and imaginative ways. Like so many things, Britain claims to have started the documentary movement. As usual, now we're resting on some pretty tawdry laurels. Surely we can match Bolivia, Burma or Ghana? – even if Canada, India and Australia have left us behind.

I'm too old a hand to imagine that a government unit would be a panacea for all the problems. One can see the civil servants leaping forward, blue pencils in hand. Actually, they had white-anted their way well into the Crown Film Unit before its death. What would be needed would be liberal protectors, like Stephen Tallents and John Grierson at their best, who managed to persuade The Little Men that they were Patrons of Art. It would also need dedicated instructors like Humphrey Jennings and Cavalcanti. And this is where, I think, it would fall down. There appears to be only one producer of documentary, Jimmy Carr, with enough vision and energy to fight for better creative quality and who encourages his film-makers to use their imagination. And he's got his staff and overheads to think about, so he often gets beaten.

I've got a sinking feeling that regimentation and conformity is now too strong to allow any creative movement to rise again. By the way, when I say documentary – a dull word – I mean 'the dramatisation of reality', that phrase most of us British film-makers seem to have forgotten.

HARRY WATT

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London, W5

CAPTIVE CHILDREN

SIR, – As a television scriptwriter and the father of three children I read the article by Alma Birk on children's television with interest. It seems to me, however, that she has approached the subject with the prejudice that so many NEW STATESMAN 'types' rave against television in general, i.e., it is lowbrow, vulgar, mechanical, sapping of initiative and altogether symptomatic of the worst in modern life.

Let me just clear out of the way two false points made by Mrs Birk. One, the fact that considerable publicity was given to the Council for Children's Welfare was not merely because the subject is socially important: the main publicity was in the *Daily Express*, which used the Council and its supporters merely as a handy stick to beat Lord Beaverbrook's current *bête noire*. Two, not even the most violent opponent of children's television had hitherto put it on a level with horror comics: to do so reveals a tremendous bias.

True, some few programmes are occasionally more bloodthirsty than one would wish. In five years of viewing with my children – from one to six hours a week – I have twice turned the set off during the children's hours because I was not happy about their seeing what was on the screen. On both occasions the children objected strongly and, on reflection, I felt that I was probably being too nambypamby about it. After all, there are some unpleasant people in the world, and it is not unreasonable that some of them should find their way into television stories. Certainly, neither of these episodes came near to *Treasure Island, Brer Rabbit,* or even *Peter Pan* in cruelty. And I was there to turn them off. Nobody ever shut a book that I was reading when I was a child—and I don't think they should have done, either. Does Mrs Birk?

I have just looked carefully through the programmes for the coming week and put them into four categories. I have tried to be as fair as possible, and the proportion is as follows: Dubious, two hours; Healthily Exciting, four hours; Entertaining, four and three-quarter hours; the fourth, Creative, is hard to measure in exact programme time.

The dubious ones are four American films, which are usually routinely exciting and very occasionally lapse into brutality. I agree that the BBC and the ITA might look a little more closely at them before screening. But that is all that needs to be done.

The healthily exciting category includes *Circus Boy, Robin Hood,* and so on. (These, by the way, are not serials, as Mrs Birk seems to think; they are series about established characters; the only serials now on for children are *The Silver Sword,* an excellent and moving story about children in Poland during and just after the war; *The Railway Children,* a faithful adaptation of E. Nesbit's long-standing favourite; *The Thompson Family,* a mild little saga by Noel Streatfeild; and *Dangerous Cargo,* which I must confess I haven't seen.)

By 'entertaining' I mean all those jolly programmes which I doubt if even Mrs Birk objects to: *Little Rascals, Crackerjack,* and the rest.

But it is when we come to my fourth category, creative, that we see why television should be congratulated on its children's programmes, not chastised. Some of the items in this week's programmes include Marcel Marceau, how to take indoor photographs, Tom Harrison's *Borneo Story,* astronomy, *The Goose Girl,* how to play table tennis, *Junior Criss-Cross Quiz* and *Zoo Time*

What is wrong with all those? And, when you come down to it, what's wrong with the rest of the programmes? Some of them might not be very edifying, but nor are most of the books, periodicals, films, games, conversations and the rest of the things that the children might be paying attention to if they were not watching television.

Elkan Allan

St. Julian's
Sevenoaks

FIGHTING FOR FEUDALISM

Sir,—As a national serviceman with some six months commissioned service completed I read the article 'Fighting for Feudalism' with particular interest. In essence it is most certainly true and to the point; but it is weakened through the constant recourse to broad generalisations which are by no means always applicable to the army as a whole.

The officer-soldier relationship varies greatly from unit to unit, and particularly from individual to individual. National service has meant that very often an officer may be commanding men who are superior to him in several respects, mainly through education. It appears in the main to be the more senior, regular officers who resent this state of affairs and who are unwilling to accept that these men are not, by definition, inferior, untrustworthy people who are incapable of working and thinking independently for themselves. Junior officers, particularly of course, national service ones, are generally far more flexible in their outlook and accept their men as individuals in their own right, varying just the same in character and capabilities as they would vary in any other walk of life.

On the other hand there is no avoiding the fact that particularly in the army 'familiarity breeds contempt'. The officer who establishes an over-friendly, closely personal relationship with those under his command is likely to find it both embarrassing and even difficult to order them to carry out unpleasant tasks or exercise strong discipline over them if the need arises. It is no easy matter to strike the right balance between appearing to your men as a reasonable, normal human being, and yet maintaining just sufficient aloofness to be able to exercise immediate command and control over them when required.

The real problem is not so much that it is believed that an officer should always be apart from his men, if he is to retain respect, but rather that this segregation is maintained by a virtually unbridgeable gulf. To say that the modern regular officer believes in the statement, quoted by your correspondent, of Lord Wolseley, would be ridiculous hypocrisy. Many officers still do really believe themselves to be a race apart, and a non-commissioned soldier is, by however little, that much inferior, and is treated and respected accordingly. To this extent the British Army is in many ways the last bastion of full blooded 19th-century class conciousness, and it is not therefore surprising that wealth and a public school education are often great assets in obtaining a commission, especially for a national serviceman. Not that this is always so, of course; I found a state-aided education at a Midlands grammar school and the London School of Economics no impediment to becoming an officer. But I know several cases of people who did.

When soldiers (non-commissioned) who have spent a lifetime in the army declare that they would never let their sons make it a career, or indeed if they could go back twenty years themselves, would not sign on a second time, and when young soldiers on perhaps a three-year engagement, are just as eager for release as national servicemen, then something is obviously wrong. Pay, conditions, uniforms—changes in all of these might help. But basically the remedy lies in a complete change of outlook by those in command; an abandonment of the belief that the private soldier is little more than a characterless member of the crowd—a realisation that in his own way, however slightly, he is an individual with his own beliefs and ideas. And that he has a self respect which calls for a certain recognition of this fact. The day the average regular officer realises he is not a unique type of person, and only in some ways more capable than those he commands we may begin to see a rise in recruiting figures.

Second Lieutenant

BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

Sir,—At the time of the Suez Crisis this country was split in half, and the views of the two sides were expressed with equal fervour and sincerity, until world opinion eventually forced our government to act or, rather, to go into reverse.

The problem of our present nuclear-deterrent policy is of a different kind, and world opinion will not come to our aid because the division is not within any one country, not even between East and West, but between the inarticulate multitudes and their prestige-ridden governments.

We welcome the proposal of your correspondents from South Croydon, and sincerely hope that Mr Priestley and the distinguished group of men who share his admirably expressed views will help this country and the world out of the present deadlock.

Until we have had an opportunity to consult our members, we can only sign ourselves as individual committee members of UNA's Richmond Branch.

E. M. & E. K. Hutchinson H. Swann
K. Jellinek I. A. M. Marsh
K. Kulisa
34 Rodway Road, SW15

Sir,—Some of your correspondents appear to think that I wish to end the human race and that I approve of suicide. They are mistaken. I desire the continued existence of the human race as much as anybody, though I hope I shall never be so arrogant as to assume that it is in man's power to 'ensure' it. I think suicide wrong. What I said about preferring death to degradation referred to suffering death and not to seeking it.

The question in dispute is not whether the continued existence of the human race is desirable, but whether the duration of that existence without regard to its quality is, or ought to be, the supreme concern of all thinking men. Can anyone who accepts the divine truth that 'whosoever would save his life shall lose it' really believe that the continued physical existence of the human race is more important than anything else?

Conesford

House of Lords

KRUSHCHEV LETTER

Sir,—Let me be the first to say it. Mr Krushchev's letter in reply to Bertrand Russell is all a fiendish plot. The mere fact that it was delivered in time to be published in the last edition of the New Statesman shows the underhand cunning of the man, and is a deliberate attempt to rob us of the promised American rocket bases on our soil. We must arm, arm, arm, arm, arm, arm. For the Russians must be taught that the only way to end war is to have it.

Spike Milligan

THE ALGERIAN REVOLT

Sir,—While, as you may well believe, I do not at all endorse the general views on Algeria expressed by Mr Thomas Hodgkin in a recent issue of the New Statesman, I take particular exception to a couple of allegations made in his article. (1) I can deny most emphatically that the MNA 'exists in Algeria only as a subsidiary of the French administration.' There is no foundation to this assertion, except in the shape of accusations by the other nationalist movement, known as the FLN. If Mr Hodgkin has evidence that France is, as he says, nursing a rival movement to the FLN, he would certainly be welcomed to produce it. (2) The same applies to Mr Hodgkin's remark about the recent rallying to the French side of the nationalist chief Bellounis and his troops, which, we are told, are 'said to have been imported from France by air for the purpose.' It would be interesting to know who says so, because it is an absolute falsehood. May I venture to suggest that such accusations by innuendo are not quite worthy either of the New Statesman or of Mr Thomas Hodgkin himself?

I do not question the right of anybody in this country to take sides with the FLN movement, regardless of their innumerable terrorist attacks, murders and massacres in Algeria as well as in Metropolitan France during the last three years. But I cannot share the view that the FLN enjoys the support and confidence of the mass of the Algerian Moslems. For that reason, articles such as Mr Hodgkin's are misleading in as much as they may be considered as showing the way to a solution of the Algerian tragedy. In our view, the solution can only be discussed with elected representatives of the population. The French government has time and again proposed that elections should be organized following a cease-fire. It is a significant fact that the FLN has repeatedly rejected this proposal.

R. Thibault
Press Counsellor

Ambassade de France
London

VERA PANOVA

Sir,—In his review of Vera Panova's novel *Span of the Year,* Mr Walter Allen says: 'So far as I know, Mme Panova has never been in trouble in Russia for writing the wrong things'. It might be of interest to point out that she *was* in trouble, over this very novel, when it was first published. Old files of your journal contain an article by Alexander Werth in the number of 31 July 1954, in which Mr Werth described how Panova's novel *The Seasons* caused 'a big storm' and brought down the wrath of *Pravda. The Seasons* and *Span of the Year* are one and the same novel. It was criticised for being 'naturalistic' and not truly 'Socialist realist'. At the Writer's Congress in the winter of 1954-55, Panova's novel, along with Ehrenburg's *The Thaw,* were still being attacked by the champions of orthodoxy.

Partha S. Gupta

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Spirits of the Age

A CURIOUS piece of Kirriemuir-Kensington – a hitherto unpublished scene from *Peter Pan* – has turned up in a smart new edition for Christmas*. Briefly, the tale is this. Frohman, who had backed the original play in 1904, could not come over from America to see the London production until the third season (1907-8). On the last night, as a tribute to his visitor (and without the Lord Chamberlain's permission) Barrie added an Epilogue, an answer to the question: What happened to Wendy when she grew up? It was to be played once and never again. 'All those privileged to witness this never-to-be-forgotten and only performance of this striking act', wrote a stray critic in the audience, 'will acknowledge it to be the finest thing that Mr Barrie has ever done.'

An outline may help readers to consider this verdict. The curtain rises on the old Darling nursery, where Wendy appears 'as a grown-up woman, wearing a pretty dress with train and . . . an excessively matronly manner'. Taking a child's nightgown off the fireguard she 'points it out with rapture' to the audience. A conversation follows with this child, her daughter Jane, about life in the far-off days of Pan.

> JANE: Begin where he promised to come for you every year, and take you to the Tree-Tops to do his Spring Cleaning. Lucky you!

Some years (Wendy relates) Peter would come and some years he would forget. He forgot everything so easily – even Tinker Bell and Captain Hook. In any case he was too full of 'lovely talk about himself' to notice other things much.

> JANE (*gleefully*): He was always awfully cocky.
>
> WENDY: I think ladies rather love cocky gentlemen.
>
> JANE: So do I love them.

But, as Wendy found, such characters offer special problems to their friends.

> . . . Another year passed, and Spring Cleaning time came again. And oh the terror of me sitting waiting for him—for I was another two inches round the waist! But he never came. How I cried! Another year passed, and still I got into my little frock somehow, and that year he came – and the strangest thing was that he never knew that he had missed a year. . . . I said to him 'What am I to you Peter?' and he said 'You are my mother' – so of course after that I couldn't tell him. But that was the last. Many Spring Cleaning times came round, but never Peter any more. 'Just always be waiting for me' he said, 'and then some time you will hear me crow', but I never heard him crow again. It's just as well. . . .

Of course that night, after Jane is asleep, Peter comes back at last. In the firelight he observes nothing odd about Wendy. She has to *tell* him what has happened. Does she not seem like an erring woman in a Victorian melodrama?

> WENDY: Peter, you are wasting the fairy dust.
>
> PETER (*at last alarmed*): What is it, Wendy? Is something wrong? Don't cheat me mother Wendy – I'm only a little boy.
>
> WENDY: I can't come with you Peter – because I'm no longer young and innocent.
>
> PETER (*with a cry*): Yes you are.
>
> WENDY: I'm going to turn up the light, and then you will see for yourself.
>
> PETER: (*frightened – hastily*): Wendy, don't turn up the light.
>
> WENDY: Yes. But first I want to say to you for the last time something I said often and often in the dear Never Never Land. Peter, what are your exact feelings for me?
>
> PETER: Those of a devoted Son.
>
> *Silently she lets her hand play with his hair – she caresses his face, smiling through her tears – then she turns the lamp up near the fire and faces him – a bewildered understanding comes to him – she puts out her arms – but he shrinks back.*

Still, the biological laws work in all directions for Pan. Jane is there to take Wendy's place, and later Jane will have little daughters, too, to carry on.

We are not the Lord Chamberlain, of course – but what can we possibly observe about this indecent and macabre little play? Only that here is a compelling instance of the fact that it isn't what you say that counts but the look on your face while you are saying it. Barrie's literary obsession with his own devouring mother is always taken as a sentimental tribute. This *Afterthought* should crystallise anyone's suspicions that it is, throughout his plays, a deep and abiding revenge, unrealised now only because *Peter Pan* is still accepted, by and large, on the terms of 1904. It was just possible to write these things at that point in time, between the late soft end of the Yellow Book period and the early edge of the middle domestic Georgian. (Even *Dorian Gray*, you remember, had a pretty severe moral close, and that was in 1891.) But at no other moment could the monstrous birth of Peter and Wendy ever have taken place.

Yet, *is* this a fair assumption? In an age of analysis should we not put it to the test? Let us try out our pair at other times: on the Elizabethan stage, for a proper academic start. Certainly, it is hard to fit the relationship even into the complex emotional pattern of the Renaissance court. A simple incest problem seems the most likely parallel – if the Kirriemuir prepossessions can be considered as simple as all that.

> *Discovered in an alcove are* GWENDIA, *a Welsh chieftain's daughter* – no, that makes topographical difficulties – OVENDIA, *daughter of a Gentleman, and* PIETRO, *an outlaw, her bastard brother.*

Ovendia – if Barrie is to have anything to do with it at all – has to make the advances.

> OVE: Brother –
>
> PIET: Nay, mother too: sister, companion, friend –
>
> OVE: Both kin and kind: defended, still more dear,
> Nearness in nature doth make nature near, *etc.*
>
> CARDINAL (*aside*): I like not this

Oh, that Cardinal. He makes the whole thing impossible. It isn't only that one cannot see him in the Barrie world, but that his reasons for liking it not, are not at all what you might reasonably think. As it happens, Ovendia is betrothed to Pietro's father, a decayed Italian Count, and the Cardinal has his own very practical motives for wishing the marriage to take place. Perhaps by 1904 the Cardinal has become Hook. Or, more probably, Nana.

The eighteenth century is a good deal harder to deal with; one despairs of fitting in the pair on any terms at all. PERT GROW-NOT (let us say) has been brought up with JUVENDIA, a Great Fortune. But he is an idle fellow and will not pursue his luck.

> PERT: Marrying? Faugh. I tell thee, Mistress, I nauseate that catching, caging, crimping old man's life. 'Tis nothing for a lad but clean linen and closed locks, though you may relish it.
>
> JUVENDIA: Odious Pert, you grow censorious of what you would not taste. Marriage is a pretty game, or so they tell.

We know what Barrie would do at this point, but is it in the Restoration mood?

We might have better hopes at the other end. Might we not try a sophisticated drama of the Nineteen-Twenties, with Peter a beautiful, weak young man who takes drugs (from a snuff-box) and longs for his worldly mother to stay at home and give him a dog for a nurse.

> PETER (*in a brittle sort of voice*): Promise me – you'll be different. Terribly different. (*He places his head in her lap.*)

Or something of this sort.

There are still the Nineteen-Fifties. Peter, by this time if he were playing at being Grown-Up, might be doing something like running a sweet-stall. Slightly could be helping him; he would be useful, too, in keeping Peter from being *alone* too much with Wendy. Peter, let us say,

> is a disconcerting mixture of sincerity and cheerful malice, of tenderness and freebooting cruelty; restless, importunate, full of pride. . . . To many he may seem sensitive to the point of vulgarity. To others, he is simply a loud-mouth.

Shall we go on from here?

> *Over the weekdays Wendy goes back to Kensington (Mr. Darling always comes to fetch her); that is why she always does the ironing on Sundays when the boys are home. People have sometimes wondered about this. On Sundays too, they have other ways of being Grown-Up. They pretend to read the big newspapers, like the men in Clubs, and get very angry, every now and then, about this and that. But sometimes the boys forget, and have a good scuffle on the floor. Peter knows that Wendy thinks that he is young and frail, with a tired line to his mouth. He thinks of himself in this way too – 'A lonely, bewildered little boy', you may catch him mouthing in front of the glass.*

But Peter does get tired of all that ironing. It's his own fault, of course, for asking her, but that only makes it worse. He wants her to stop and play squirrels – a little hopping game they have in the Never Never Land.

---

* *When Wendy Grew Up; An Afterthought.* By J. M. BARRIE. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.

WENDY: Here are your trousers, dear.

PETER: It's this ghastly Spring Cleaning. Why can't we play mud pies for a change? I want to wallow in the mud.

WENDY (*quietly*): Peter, please – don't go on.

At this point Mr Darling arrives to take her home. She puts on her hat – yes! she has brought her hat with her for luggage! – and goes.

But Wendy has forgotten how easily Peter forgets – you know, he forgets even Tinker Bell, Hook and the rest. So after a while she comes back.

WENDY (*unpinning her hat*): I – I *promise* not to do any more Spring Cleaning. (*Bravely*) I want to play mud-pies too.

They start on that squirrel game.

CURTAIN

But, of course, the whole thing is absurd. Nobody could make a play out of this, in the Nineteen-Fifties.

NAOMI LEWIS

The Floating Island

Down the glutted river's throat
Jut the jagged trunks of trees,
Giddily the bubbles float;
The dead drowned buck have wounded knees.
The basket nests ooze mud in sodden trees.

Swirling in a giddy gyre
Down the brown Zambesi flood
Comes an island – torn entire
With tendon reeds and brackish blood,
Prised from its moorings in the silent mud,

Bearing on its swinging arc
A herd of buck, alive, aground,
With anguished eyes, their wet flanks dark
With sweat. The water gabbles round.
Their sucking hoofprints moon the mud with sound.

The sliding scenery repeats
The gliding greenery of fear.
A newborn buck gropes for the teats;
Green to terror, he does not hear
The lipping tongues around his mother's feet.

Head back flat, with seashell horns
Against the wind the leader strains.
Around him lean the does and fawns:
They can remember summer rains,
But not like these. Not these obliterated plains.

Do they smell the tumbling doom
Scarved in silken spray that slides
To the falling ledge, that looms
But one nightfall on? Their sides
Bulge and flatten. Their eyes darken and grow wide.

Along the gorged Zambesi swims
In a slow insensate dance
Frieze of buck with dervish limbs
Frozen in a dreamer's trance.
Anarchy has leapt beyond mischance.

A nightfall on the Smoke that Thunders,
Will leap to gulf them. While, alone,
Wrenched from *our* continent, we wonder
It ravelled islands of our own
Will reach their stormless capes, or sink in blind-eyed floods, unknown.

RUTH MILLER

Your Concern and Mine

The South African Treason Trial. By LIONEL FORMAN and SOLLY SACHS. *Calder.* 18s.

It is a familiar enough assumption that those who have lived in Africa for long are either so captivated by it that they become great bores in talking of its enchantments, or so alienated by its extremism that they never wish to hear it spoken of again. I belong, I'm afraid, inescapably to the first group. And for this reason I find myself sometimes frustrated, and often annoyed, when what seems to me a vitally important issue is either not understood or not even known to exist. This is very unfair of me, I know. For it is obvious that the Press in this country can only give to South African events the amount of space that their international importance warrants. News items from the Union have to compete with sputniks, Presidential malaises and Nato Conferences on equal terms. And so it is not surprising that, after the first few moments of excitement, news of the South African treason trial dwindled and disappeared into the dusk, even *before* those on trial had been able to make themselves heard.

It is for this reason, especially, that this first book about the trial is so greatly to be welcomed. For here, in concise form, and without the infringement of any *sub judice* regulations, is a history of the trial up to date. And, in addition to the history, a few chapters of great interest and significance on the background to the trial without which it would be hard for the outsider to understand what it is all about. In other words, if you haven't had time to read the Press reports, or if your memory is dim, or if you want to understand the realities of what is going on in that dusty drill-hall in Johannesburg, here is your book. It is written by two South Africans: one of whom is himself standing trial on a charge of high treason, the other (Solly Sachs) a political exile in this country, because of his courageous and persistent fight for a trade unionism free of the colour-bar. Both, therefore, are uniquely competent to write about their subject. But, necessarily, because they are in isolation from one another, there is a certain lack of unity in the book itself. It is also true to say that, just because Lionel Forman is a lawyer, there is a quality not quite of flesh and blood about some of the figures he describes. But what is lacking in 'roundness' is there in other ways, particularly in the general impression of the trial as seen from the prisoner's cage through all those weary hours and days and weeks and months of the preparatory examination. And certainly for anyone who knows the South Africa of the past ten years or so, there is recaptured much more than this. There is, for instance, the kind of politeness one so often associated with the police: 'Don't threaten me!' he shouted. 'Just don't threaten me! You're just a prisoner like any other prisoner and I'll break your bloody neck!' Words familiar enough to the ears of an African schoolboy without a pass, or another detained in the charge-office and questioning the sergeant about his arrest, but on this occasion used in a European context. There is the recapitulation (so vivid to me) of those events – often taking place on a Sunday morning – in the Trades Hall at a Congress meeting, or in the open air on 'Freedom Square' before the blitz on Sophiatown. And, especially and uniquely alive to me, there is the description of that gala day at Kliptown when the 'Freedom Charter' (a copy of which, beautifully illuminated, hangs near my desk at Mirfield) was proclaimed and passed by a crowd which looked and felt more like Epsom on Derby-day than a gathering of political significance.

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The book simply states facts, and is in large measure (as it must be) a summary of the deadly monotony of each day, broken occasionally by an outburst of temper or of laughter or of sheer fantasy. I wonder if there has ever been a trial in the British courts anywhere in the Commonwealth in which witness after witness has been compelled to admit that he does not understand the language he is using and (in one case) that he is a convicted fraud, using his very fraudulence to convict others?

But the purpose of the book is more important than the book itself. For it is designed to draw attention to these quite simple facts: First, that 156 citizens of the Commonwealth of South Africa were, at the time of writing, on trial for high treason: at this moment, after the release of 65, there are still 91. Secondly, that high treason (defined in Roman Dutch South African law in very wide terms) is a capital charge. Thirdly, that because the prisoners, although on bail, are tied hand, foot and finger to the courtroom, £100,000 is needed for their defence and the support of themselves and their families. (And the proceeds of the book's sale will go to the Christian Action Defence Fund.) Finally, that these prisoners (my personal friends in many cases) are your concern and mine, because, whatever the final result of the trial may be, it is the symbol of something infinitely grander than itself. It is the symbol of a South Africa standing at the point of no return. For if these prisoners are declared guilty, then to love freedom is treachery and to proclaim it is high treason. And we are their fellow-citizens in a multi-racial Commonwealth whose latest rallying-cry for Africa is Partnership. Partnership in *what*?

TREVOR HUDDLESTON

Michael Barton's *West African City* – published for the International African Institute (Oxford, 35s.) – is based on investigations carried out in 1952 and 1953 in Sierra Leone; it is mainly concerned with the large-scale immigration into Freetown of tribal people from the rural areas. In *Schism and Continuity in an African Society* (Manchester University Press, 35s.) V. W. Turner summarises nearly two and a half years' work among the Ndemba people of Mwinilunga District in North-Western Rhodesia: the main emphasis is on the disputes within and between villages. M. A. Nigumi, author of *A Great Trusteeship* (Caravel Press, 18s.), is a Sudanese architect now working in Nigeria, and his book is a tribute to the British makers of the modern Sudan.

The Entertainer

The Selected Writings of Sydney Smith. Edited with an introduction by W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 30*s.*

Any manifestation of Sydney Smith is a pleasure and since his works (as distinct from Mr Nowell Smith's noble edition of his letters) have not been reprinted for nearly 100 years one is bound to welcome the 400 pages of his miscellaneous writings here assembled and introduced by Professor Auden. Although this volume is described by its publishers as 'edited', it has neither footnotes nor an index and the source and date of the various extracts is never once indicated. It includes the whole of the Peter Plymley Letters and the Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, a dozen articles from the 60 or 70 contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, a dozen letters or extracts from letters, the four speeches on the Reform Bill and a few scraps of miscellanea. The twenty-page introduction is devoted to Sydney Smith as a polemicist and it is upon this basis that the selection has been made. It also contains some strange statements of fact, *e.g.*, that in 1771 there were no clubs in London, and that one-third of the gentlemen in the best society were always drunk, and that the British Labour Party is closely associated with the Evangelical Movement.

That Sydney Smith, as a polemical writer, ranks with Swift and Shaw and that he was one of the few English wits, requires no emphasis and it seems a pity that the scope of the present selection was not extended to embrace material from Lady Holland's memoir of her father, from contemporary memoirs and from the unpublished notebooks which would have helped to reveal what kind of a man he really was, of whom, after all, the wit and the journalist were mere projections.

Like most worth-while human beings, Sydney Smith's character and circumstances were spiced by paradox. He found himself committed to the Church when he would have preferred a call to the Bar; his natural taste for elegance and an inclination for comfort were subjected to half a lifetime of poverty, and although by birth and temper a man of the eighteenth century he only arrived at fame and success in the nineteenth. A loyal Whig when there was 'no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla', swept at last into a Canonry at St Paul's when his party came to power, he discovered seven years later,

> So strange and ludicrous are the changes in human affairs, the Tories on the treadmill and the well paid Whigs riding in chariots with many faces however looking out of the window (including that of our Prime Minister) which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism and to my never ending astonishment, I, an old Edinburgh Reviewer fighting, in the year 1839, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for the existence of the National Church.

His fame, moreover, rests largely upon his reputation as a wit. He dissolved his contemporaries in laughter and has wreathed posterity in smiles. Yet like most clowns he was fundamentally a melancholy man 'subject at home to frequent fits of depression', finding it difficult to get up in the morning and convinced like the American sage that 'it is ten to one against you once you get out of bed'. He conquered his aversion for early rising, however, by 'springing up at once', and his addiction to *accidia* by constant activity combined with such ancillary aids as 'bright lights, blazing fires, flowers, children, donkeys, sugar plums on the chimney piece and the kettle simmering on the hob'. He was not, I think, so much *without* 'speculative insights' (as Professor Auden suggests), as distrustful of their value for a person of his temperament; just as the writer of 'His life while there was as dazzling and promising as a rainbow. Love had no wings there and June no scythe' was not lacking in delicate perception. He was embarrassed by religious 'enthusiasm', dogma and universal panaceas, cynical about egalitarian democracy; 'Natural inequalities are like the humps on a camel's back' he once wrote. Whatever he may have thought about the justice or injustice of private property, he limited his attacks to specific abuses and follies susceptible to reform – man traps, spring guns, child chimney sweeping. It was all part of his general principle of avoiding 'everything likely to excite feeling and emotion' which could not culminate in what he called 'active benevolence'.

He turned his own deficiencies into the benevolence of laughter which dried children's tears, roused Samuel Rogers from a sick bed, reduced Thomas Moore to the carpet under the breakfast table and jollied the general public into reform. It was laughter devoid of malice or the desire to score and in which his victims were invited to join. 'You have been laughing at me for the last seven years and never said anything that I wished unsaid', remarked Lord Dudley. The price paid was a heavy one, 'people so expected to be made to die of laughing and he was so aware of this . . . . that he came on to the stage like a Great Actor forced to exert himself but not always in the vein to play his part'. He was, in fact, one of the most successful exponents of the nursery admonition to 'make the best of it' and no bad mentor in the current Age of *Angst.*

W. H. HUGHES

Poetry of Experience

The Metaphysical Poets. Selected and edited by HELEN GARDNER. *Penguin Books.* 5*s.*

'Strong lines' was the term used by Elizabethans for the metaphysical style – pungent, crabbed, brilliant, learned. It was the poetry of intellectual young men, in revolt against that other kind of lyric –

> as smooth, as soft as cream,
> In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

Irony, and war upon the platitude, directed wit. Black beauty was celebrated by Shakespeare and Herbert of Cherbury; fleas were 'a popular subject for jocose and amatory poetry in all countries', we are informed; but Donne's flea is the most agile of his race.

In 1921, Sir Herbert Grierson brought out his famous anthology, *Metaphysical Poetry from Donne to Butler*, which was reviewed by T. S. Eliot in one of the most celebrated of his essays. Thanks largely to Grierson and Eliot, this 'poetry for connoisseurs' has shaped so decisively the writing of the last three decades, that by now it is hard to say which of the disjointed wisecracks, the scientific analogies and the general toughness of younger writers derives from Donne, and which has been strained through Eliot and Empson. A poem like Thom Gunn's *Legal Reform* is full of strong lines.

> Marched off to happiness, I quarry stone
> Hour after hour, and sweat my past away.
> Already I have made, working alone,
> Notable excavations, and the guard,
> Turning desire, who eyes me all the day,
> Has no use for his whip, I work so hard.

Grierson's mantle, both as editor of Donne and as anthologist, has fallen on Helen Gardner. In her new Penguin anthology about half the space goes to the poems of Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan and Marvell. Donne gets 43 pages – in the text of Miss Gardner's forthcoming and published volumes – which is rather less than Grierson allowed; Herbert, Vaughan and Marvell have more pages than before, while two poems of William Alabaster from a Bodleian MS, and those on a sunbeam and a monkey by Herrick's great-nephew Thomas Heyrick, show that gleanings are still possible for a scholar. The editor's taste and judgment are everywhere seen and nowhere obtruded; the notes and the little biographical paragraphs supply just what is needed with admirable brevity.

In her introduction, Miss Gardner stresses the 'strong dramatic sense of particular situations' which links these lyrics to the sudden flowering of Elizabethan drama in the 1590s, when Donne began to write. Vivid and brilliant language was needed to embody the Here-and-Now between some I-and-You. 'The most serious and impassioned love poetry of the century argues, or assumes as a basis for argument, that love is a relation between two persons loving' – not the worship of an image, but a varying blend of ardour and mockery. In the greatest lyrics of the age, Shakespeare's sonnets, direct experience is expanded one stage beyond this; for Shakespeare not only conceives love as a relationship, he often puts the centre of feeling within the character addressed, and so achieves a dramatic fullness of intercourse which the metaphysicals, for lack of humility, never attain. Such a poem as

> That you were once unkind befriends me now –

eclipses even Donne by the reciprocal force of its unstrained imaginative generosity; and this power points beyond the single dramatic scene to the drama proper. The metaphysicals gave to poetry of experience a new depth; but except in a very few poems, the scene was still beheld through one pair of eyes alone. In this, poets of today, each 'condemned to be an individual', have faithfully kept to their models.

M. C. BRADBROOK

A Fine Pair

Henry Ford. By ROGER BURLINGHAME. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Forty Years with Ford. By CHARLES E. SORENSEN. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Renault. By SAINT LOUP. *Bodley Head.* 25*s.*

What Ford thought of Renault neither Mr Burlinghame nor Mr Sorenson tells us. We know, on the authority of M. Saint Loup, what Renault thought of Ford. 'There's a man for you! No bankers or Jews in his business. Keep everything in the exchequer: until things change, don't pay a sou.' They make a fine pair, the hick from Wayne County, Michigan, and the French peasant, and it is difficult to decide from these books which is the less repellent. Not that the books are of equal merit. Mr Burlinghame's is an attempt, scholarly and objective, to disentangle the truth about the man from the legend; Mr Sorensen's is, as it were, reminiscences of Robinson Crusoe by a Man Friday who has turned sour on him; while M. Saint Loup's is an outbreak of Gallic ecstasising in the course of which Renault is equated at times with Napoleon at times with the anonymous peasant-craftsmen who built Chartres. Renault visited Fort Dearborn more than once; Ford never went to Billan court. Paris, France, was not a city the eminent Episcopalian approved of, and there were a great many things about Renault that he could not have approved of, either. Mr Ford was against Jews, bankers, communists, socialists, anarchists, smokers, drinkers and adulterers; Renault was only against bankers, communists, socialists and anarchists, and besides, he smoked, drank, used bad language and, as M. Saint Loup says in his charming French way, 'his powerful hands . . . caressed the most beautiful women of his time'.

In their industrial activities, however, the two men followed parallel paths. They were both geniuses in the same very narrow field; not great inventors but great adaptors and exploiters, geniuses of production and management. Given the existence of the internal combustion engine, they were inevitable. Each built up a vast industrial empire in a sense by accident. By the mid-Thirties, Renault was 'manufacturing his own steel, smelting iron, aluminium, tyres, lubricating oil, paint and varnish, and the majority of the accessories for his machines'. Ford was doing likewise, and owning in addition coal mines and a railway system. They were compelled to do so, whether they wanted to or not, in order to maintain their flow of production. They were essentially men of their time, whose like had not been seen before or will be seen again. The differences between them are, very largely, differences of national tradition.

Ford seems the bigger figure because he sums up in himself so much more of the American myth than Renault could possibly do, of the infinitely richer and more complex French tradition. Outside the narrow scope of their genius, both men were practically analphabetic, and when they went outside into the world of affairs the results were disastrous to them – to Renault, indeed, fatal. Yet there was, for a brief spell during Coolidge's first term of office, a 'Ford for President' movement: it is impossible to conceive that Renault, even if he had been willing, could ever have been put forward in a similar way in France. For all he was the son of an immigrant farmer, Ford appears as a grass-roots Yankee. It was not for nothing that, as Mr Burlinghame tells us, his favourite reading, along with Horatio Alger, was Emerson's essays, though he complained of the 'long words'. He was an Emersonian without the transcendentalism, but without the transcendentalism nothing is left to Emerson but crude notions of self-reliance and individualism and contempt for all ideas and *mores* not native to North America. In Emersonian terms, Ford was the man who made a better mouse-trap than his neighbour. He made it as it were empirically, without blue-prints (which he couldn't read). Characteristic of his industrial methods is a story Mr Sorensen tells about his purchase of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad:

> To nail rails to wooden crossties set in crushed stone seemed to Henry Ford a flimsy method of road building. Ever the innovator, he asked, 'Why not lay the rails on steel ties embedded in concrete? You'd have a permanent roadbed and small maintenance cost'.
>
> 'It isn't practical,' he was told.
>
> 'Why not try it?'
>
> So, a section of track was laid in concrete. A train passed over the rigid roadbed, was nearly derailed, and almost shook to pieces.
>
> 'Well, we know now,' said Ford. 'Rip up the track.'

His mouse-trap made him the richest man in the United States. He must also have been, as both books on him show, one of the most wretched. Money was important to him only because, as Mr Burlinghame says, it was inseparably associated in his Puritan mind with other good acts. Apart from production, his passion was square-dancing. He had no friends. He was a crank. He was a rabid anti-Semite. He was mean, treacherous, vindictive, a tyrant. The one thing in his life that redeems him as a human being was his attempt to stop the first world war with his 'Peace Ship': that at any rate had a dotty nobility. He spent the last years of his life in an antiquarian zeal to preserve the artifacts of rural America, so that, as Dos Passos says in the best short sketch of Ford ever written,

> everything might be
> the way it used to be,
> in the days of horses and buggies.

Even so, he was luckier than Renault, who died in 1944 from the beatings he received from members of the French Resistance while in prison awaiting trial on a charge of collaborating with the Germans.

WALTER ALLEN

Poet in Crystal

Andrew Young: Prospect of a Poet. Edited by LEONARD CLARK. *Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.*

Canon Andrew Young – not the Andrew Young who wrote

> There is a happy land
> Far, far away –

and went there in 1889 – is a contemporary poet who has been honoured in his seventy-third year by a tactfully edited and tastefully produced tributary volume. This should appeal to all Young's admirers; better still if it makes him new readers. The editor, Leonard Clark, begins his Introduction by saying, reasonably enough, 'The work of Andrew Young is still not as well known as it should be'. And yet I wonder. It seems to me to be fairly well-known among those who read and re-read poetry, as distinct from the larger number who talk and write about it. But if Leonard Clark means that Young's poetry is not controversial, I agree with him. As Richard Church says, '. . . the critics do not discuss it. Perhaps there is nothing to discuss or to argue about.' Contemporary criticism is better equipped to argue than to admire: 'appreciation' is no longer the mode. It is, then, all the more to the credit of the contributors to this book that they have been so lively and varied in their appreciation.

Young's poems were first introduced to me some fifteen years ago by a fellow-schoolmaster who was neither a poet nor a critic. He was, indeed, like Young, a Scot, but I don't think his admiration had any patriotism in it. And it is in this way, I fancy, that Young's poetry has won its readers. This grapevine reputation is, after all, the best and surest to have. It is independent of fashion; it is founded, not on propaganda, but on the power to please and go on pleasing. I can't imagine any reader of sensibility and discrimination not valuing these small, alive, crystalline poems for their uncanny power of surprise. They are disturbing because they combine a 'fine excess' in imagination with a fine economy or under-statement in dramatic expression. They have that compulsive quality possessed especially by works of art in which content is bigger than form: Mr Clark is reminded of Couperin – I am reminded of a puppet-show. It is a puppet-show in which the poet is the marionette and nature the showman. This implies a submission to the wonder of

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.... 72/NN

creation and a fidelity to experience which spring from true poetic humility.

If Young is not discussed like other moderns, perhaps the reason is, not that his poems are beyond analysis, but that they are felt to be hardly contemporary. If that is the case, then the word 'contemporary' is used in too restricted a sense.

> The first thing to be said about Andrew Young is that he is a poet; the second, that he is a contemporary poet, 'one of these moderns'. It is probable that he himself would agree only reluctantly to this second statement, while some of his older admirers would deny it altogether. Yet, like many another younger poet (and the term is used nowadays for almost any poet who isn't actually dead) I have not the slightest doubt that Canon Young belongs essentially to my own time.

That is the first paragraph of one of the best things in the book, the essay by Norman Nicholson. I wish there were space to quote it in full. I can only say that I can't imagine a better introduction to the work of the unique and remarkable poet here celebrated.

JAMES REEVES

New Novels

The Water Carnival. By JEREMY BROOKS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s*.

The Un-Americans. By ALVAH BESSIE. *Calder.* 18*s*.

The Eating Valley. By AUGUSTA WALKER. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Novel-reviewers who are in the pay of the Martian Intelligence Service's Tellurian Department, are getting a bad name with their employers. They complain we do not recommend them enough books that tell them anything useful. According to code messages reaching us via that invaluable cosmic clearing-house, the Personal column of the *NS*, we are suspected of sabotage. Martian intelligence officers are unable to believe that a period so vital, so pregnant with cataclysm, should not be more fully reflected in fiction. Even at this time of year, mid-way between publishing seasons, when the stream is temporarily turned off at the main, they appear to expect information of value. The only book on this list that contains any significance for them is the first. They will need to be very perspicacious in their interpretation of it, otherwise they will become hopelessly confused by that fatal resemblance, so insistent as to be positively sinister, between the Twenties and the Fifties.

For *The Water Carnival* is yet another of those light, wry, inconsequent books that take you back thirty years or so by their very up-to-dateness. A closer inspection reveals a sub-structure of present-day economic and social life. The setting is a Thamesy community of boat-dwellers and eyot-inhabitants. The narrator, Cyril, is a young man who is secretary to Auk-Wilson, a ludicrous hotel-proprietor and patron of the arts in some ways faintly, even if only very faintly, reminiscent of the late Sir Horace Plunket. Cyril's friend George, a painter, is in love with a pert, fiery, small-part actress. Much of their time is spent dodging Oliver Earle, a young angry thinker, a professional sponger of enormous expertise. Eventually of course he succeeds in nobbling Auk-Wilson's weird daughter and doing very well for himself. The Carnival, of the title, comes right at the end, after the mood had been becoming more farcical for some time. There is a lot of pubbing but surprisingly little petting. Mr Brooks has a decided gift for characterisation. Nearly everybody makes a quite distinct personal impression and his leading persons, such as Auk-Wilson, are genuinely comic figures. He presents them with that affectionate, almost zoological sympathy which is an important part of the true novelist's equipment. His construction is too loose; some of his first person narrator's animadversions are a bit naive; there are lapses into banality. But the book has quite a little life of its own. Assuming it to be the first novel of a young writer who is not too dependent on drawing from the model, this is a case of genuine promise.

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London, W.1. GRO. 8250

The Un-Americans looks like a must for the Martians to plough through, but it is doubtful whether they will get much real gen out of it. It is a passionate cry from the heart against McCarthyistic witch-hunting, the story of two writers, both active in the Spanish Civil War. Zav Lang, a successful correspondent, and later playwright, fell in love with a Spanish girl and went on the booze when she was killed, joined the party for a few months and left at the time of the Soviet German pact. Ben Blau, who threw up his job as a correspondent to fight with the international brigade, remained faithful. Both get witch-hunted but Lang shows some white feather. Poor Ben, in gaol, is batted on the head by a fellow convict who thinks he will get his sentence reduced for killing a Red, but the last we see of Ben he has had a skull-cap fitted and is full of hope for the race and the class. Lang is just a good-timer, a typical Hollywood degenerate, middle-aged alcoholic nympholept. It is told in a series of most complicated flash-backs from Spain to New York to California, from present to past, with some spells in the middle, and long verbatim reports of the proceedings in front of the Anti-American Activities Committee. It is written not by any means unreadably, in deadly earnest, but there are no characters, only ciphers, and despite all the urgency it dates frantically, like an old fighter-plane.

From *The Eating Valley* comes nothing but unreality. I get an impression of false naivety being used, no doubt unconsciously, to cover up emptiness. The scene appears to be Spain, though Spain itself is never mentioned; the time more or less the present. A war of some sort is just over. But what war? Why not the civil war? And where is the poverty and the harshness? It isn't a bit like the real Spain, yet the tone seems to be meant to be realistic, not in any way fantastic. Manuel, a young soldier comes back from the war, marries unsatisfactorily, then becomes involved with another, better educated woman, an intellectual lady named Linda who lends him books. Meanwhile, the allegorically symbolic valley continues to eat away at the hill on which the town stands, and the end comes, after Linda's death, with a mass evacuation. The writing varies from the very simple to the over-laden. This sentence, introducing the town, is probably an unfair sample but it explains my own allergy to the book:

> It must have planted itself there at the beginning with some passionate cause, and once had the strength to squeeze up out of its own stuff one superb expression; then it had lapsed exhausted around the buttresses of its creation and forgot slowly through the ages what it had meant to do.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Doctor Watson in Form

The Century of the Surgeon. By JURGEN THORWALD. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s*.

Hospital in the Bush. By E. W. DOELL. *Johnson.* 18*s*.

Medicine my Passport. By D. S. MATTHEWS. *Harrap.* 18*s*.

Country Practice. By H. BAGSTER. *Deutsch.* 15*s*.

As the stream of medical reminiscence flows on, the reviewer ends by repeating himself: aren't these the same books as last month? Is this a different missionary, Doctor on the Rocks, comic chappie, medical rolling stone? Only the literature of imaginary crime has quite this extent and sameness. Since the books are printed, presumably they are bought: it is an alarming thought that, with the scarcity of hangings, Dr. Watson may have got the upper hand, and the Disease Story may be replacing the murder story by the bedsides of England. In the current state of our political thinking it wouldn't be inappropriate.

Any wish I might have to limit the number of chatty autobiographies by doctors is killed, however, by Mr Thorwald's book. It shows only too well the alternative outlet for the literary market in medicine. It is ostensibly a history of surgery, composed of pseudo-eyewitness accounts of great surgeons and great advances. It is in fact a particularly objectionable exploitation of its subject – sensational in tone, much more reminiscent in key of Mirbeau than of Hippocrates, and, to my mind, calculated to frighten, excite or disgust rather than inform. Its manner is not, I imagine, commercially contrived. The author's lyrical if imaginary spectatorship at operations is too heartfelt to be intentional hokum, but it makes him a most unsuitable author for such a book, if only because his psychosymbolic preoccupations with the exciting rehearsal of blood, guts, wounds, corpses and instruments gets seriously in the way of the business in hand, and little of the meaning of old-time surgery for the patient (who presumably had little time for such reactions) comes over to us. The role of spectator, which he chooses, is significant in itself – there is very little of this element of pruriency in real surgery. De Sade would have made a rotten surgeon, and this is a history we could well do without.

The other writers have their morbid preoccupations under more seemly control. Dr Stafford Matthews wrote a vigorous and entertaining travel book, ranging from Dior's salon to India and Nigeria, and copiously illustrated with pictures of its author smoking opium, reading Spanish on safari; and so on. I would have wished it success in gathering some moss, but its author, a restless and likeable soul, died climbing in the Andes before it could be published. Dr Doell's book is rewarding reading in another context – if we have a stereotype of the missionary and his work, this evidently sensible man, who walked out of one missionary appointment because he objected to mixing medicine with the indoctrination of his patients, seems eminently well qualified to revise it. His point is well made by a Chief who refused to become a Christian because

> 'you have a good excuse for everything. If a good man is rich and healthy, you say God is rewarding him. If a bad man is rich and healthy, you say he will be punished in the next life. If a bad man is poor and ill, you say that he is being punished here on earth, but if a good man is poor and ill, you say he is being tested and will have his reward in heaven. How can I understand you, and how do you know that these things are so?'

Dr Doell has, I think, orthodoxy on his side in sparing those on whom the tower in Siloam fell from exhortation in the ruins. He has also a record of disinterested service which is a credit to the man, whatever relation it may bear to God.

Dr Bagster, lastly, is a raconteur, but a good one, and, in particular, one who will give more pleasure to his medical readers than the rest. He starts badly, with a story which may be true, but is too good to be: thereafter he is in fine form, and his anecdotes of the laughter and tears of general practice give a fair picture of what medicine is about – it is, after all, an occupation with which Dracula, Munchausen, and the tenants of Ha-Ha Harley Street have only a very tenuous connection.

ALEX COMFORT

Norwich Worthies

Norfolk Assembly. By R. W. KETTON-CREMER. *Faber*. 28*s*.

East Anglia is not on the way to anywhere except the North Sea. This, together with the vagaries of BR (Eastern Region), makes it one of the most self-contained English regions, and a happy subject for the local historian. About Mr Ketton-Cremer's collection of essays there is an assured, home-like air; it is the work of a man for whom Norwich is still, with reason, the local capital and a place of consequence. The book falls into three sections: biographical sketches of Norfolk worthies, mostly of the seventeenth century; accounts of events like the Flemish immigration in Tudor times; and antiquarian essays on 'places and things', mostly great houses and their contents. Mr Ketton-Cremer would be almost the ideal local historian if he were not a little too much the antiquarian: he skates rather lightly over economic history. Pious yet precise, he gives his subjects – some of them only mildly interesting – just the right amount of notice. This is a good book to read by a log fire.

Of the people studied the liveliest are Sir William Paston, the Caroline patron who decorated his house with busts of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, and the choleric Dean Prideaux. Paston, living as he did in a strongly Parliamentary county, had to make his costly peace after an attempt to support the king: there is a conflict of loyalties here that scarcely comes to the surface of the documents. But there is no ambiguity about the dean's feelings as he left Oxford ('I nauseate Christ Church') to set up as the potentate of Norwich Cathedral Close and draw up elaborate plans for the reform of the universities – idle Fellows, he advised, should be given indoor relief in a new foundation to be called Drone Hall. Mr Ketton-Cremer's study of 'The Coming of the Strangers' (the persecuted cloth-workers and merchants from the Low Countries) brings out the extraordinary fact that by 1571 the immigrants made up one-fourth of the population of Norwich: substitute Hungarians and Manchester and you get an idea of a situation which both sides handled more sensibly than we seem able to. Another substantial essay tells the story of the 'Great Blowe', the anti-Parliamentary riots – culminating in an explosion – to which Norwich was understandably goaded by puritan sermons with titles like *The Nail hit on the head, and driven into the City and Cathedral Wall of Norwich*. Finally there is pleasure to be got from Sir Thomas Browne's prescription for a purge in the Gunton household book: 'Take thirty roses . . .'

JOHN ROSSELLI

The Broadlands Papers and Mr Briggs

Portrait of a Whig Peer. By BRIAN CONNELL. *Deutsch*. 30*s*.

The Letters of Lady Palmerston. Edited by TRESHAM LEVER. *Murray*. 28*s*.

The 'Regency' shelf is already tightly stacked, yet space can always be found for new arrivals. Our interest seems inexhaustible in the doings of those extraordinary aristocrats who could 'jog along on £30,000 a year,' and who managed to govern the country without taking much time off from their travels abroad, their letter-writing, their sport, their toilet and their amours. But the great Whig country-houses have been unconscionably slow to satisfy public curiosity about their domestic secrets. Two years ago Chatsworth at last opened its archives, when Lord Bessborough and Miss Dorothy Stuart divided the spoils and the Duchesses of Devonshire between them. Now comes the turn of Broadlands, where the Countess of Mountbatten has allowed Mr Connell and Sir Tresham Lever to rummage in her great cache of Palmerston papers and publish some of their findings.

Henry Temple, second Viscount Palmerston (1739-1802), who has been assigned to Mr Connell, exhibits himself as a superb eighteenth-century character, a man after Sir Lewis Namier's heart. In political life he represented a succession of rotten boroughs for forty years; he held minor office under Chatham and Lord North, then retired to the back benches; he listened carefully to debates and switched his vote from Whig to Tory when he pleased. In social life he was indefatigable; he joined the Literary Club with Boswell and Dr Johnson; he was a friend of Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds, sang catches with Gibbon after dinner, and admired Lady Hamilton in her 'attitudes'; he listened to George Selwyn's conversation in London and to Voltaire's at Ferney. As a connoisseur he travelled to France and Italy buying pictures and statuary; he commissioned Capability Brown to lay out his grounds and Henry Holland to remodel his house. In private life he was twice happily married, kept a few mistresses between marriages, and proved an excellent father to Pam. In money matters, he never gambled, paid his debts conscientiously, and contrived to jog along on a mere £12,000 a year. Moreover, this all-round paragon kept written records of his daily activities with such exactitude that it is possible, Mr Connell says, 'to determine with whom he had dinner every day of his life'. From the 1,400 letters and nearly 100 diaries put at his disposal Mr Connell has compiled a book of 464 pages amounting to a sixth of the original MSS, of which only Lord Palmerston's vivid account of revolutionary Paris in 1791 has previously been available in print. The work of selection seems to have been done with great care; the all-important index is, for a change, reliable; and Mr Connell need not apologise for including so much apparent triviality. Even in these hurried times of readers' digests there are still sturdy survivors who will appreciate every leisurely detail of home life in the eighteenth century which he has brought to light. In case anyone be tempted to claim the Palmerstons as a typical aristocratic family of the ancient regime, one should take a closer look at their lineage. Both the second Viscount's mother and his grandmother were Lord Mayor's children; and he himself married a tradesman's delightful daughter for love. Only one-eighth of Pam's heredity therefore derived from the upper-class Irish, the rest of his genes sprang from the City. He was an octaroon of blue blood – as Dumas *fils* was of black blood – owing but a meagre amount of his native energy and ability to the Complete Peerage.

Sir Tresham Lever has not fared so well with his share of the Broadlands documents. The opening words of his preface bode no good. '"I should not like Mr Briggs to look over the papers in the Evidence Room . . . one cannot be too careful about family papers". So wrote Lady Palmerston in October, 1858 . . . I am in whole-hearted agreement with her.' This obsequious attitude is no way to deal with Emily Lamb, who married Lord Cowper at the age of eighteen and Pam at the age of fifty-two. The second Viscount Palmerston's life was an open book, which, thanks to Mr Connell, we may now read for ourselves. The third Viscount's wife had a great deal to hide, which, thanks to Sir Tresham, still remains a family secret. We do not know even who her father was – except that he was not Lord Melbourne. (Lady Melbourne, her promiscuous mother, who had one son definitely by Lord Egremont and another by the Prince Regent, may have been herself uncertain about the paternity of her daughters.) We are not much wiser about her children. Lord Cowper fathered her eldest son; but her second was commonly ascribed to Lord Palmerston, who bequeathed him the Broadlands estate. And whose were the daughters? The love affair with Pam continued off and on for some thirty years, until they were at last able to marry, after Lord Cowper's death. But Sir Tresham does not print a single love letter between them. He may have felt Mr Briggs looking over his shoulder.

The letters Sir Tresham thinks deserve publication concern political scheming and social occasions – endless social occasions, for Emily Cowper was an extremely handsome woman who was welcome wherever she went. She was, however, hard as nails, as one can guess from her portraits; and had such a tight hold over her emotions and such a narrow mind that she writes a poor letter. However, all the familiar Regency figures flit through the pages of the book to one's great satisfaction; there is a splendid front-seat view of Queen Caroline's trial for divorce in the House of Lords; and poor mad Caroline Lamb and her escapades come in for some rough handling. (No Mr Briggs treatment where *she* is concerned!) But Sir Tresham's squeamishness imposes a pallid and anæmic look on Lady Palmerston's full-blooded character; and he has left those old skeletons at Broadlands still rattling in their cupboards to be let out.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The two latest volumes in the Oxford Illustrated Dickens (12s. 6d. each) are *Sketches by Boz* (original illustrations) and *American Notes: and Pictures from Italy* (contemporary illustrations).

Cook-books

Those whose New Year resolutions include better meals have a wide choice of printed, if not human, help. There are: *French Family Cooking in Plain English* – 'recipes of the celebrated Philomène', translated by Shiela Steen (Home and Kitchen Book Club, 6s.); *American Cooking for English Kitchens,* by Grace Hogarth (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.); *Spanish Cooking,* by Elizabeth Cass (Deutsch, 15s.); *Japanese Food and Cooking,* by Stuart Griffin (Arco, 9s. 6d.); *Love and Kishkes: Jewish Cooking,* by Sara Kasdan (Arco, 21s.); *Festival Menus Round the World,* by Sula Benet (Abelard-Schuman, 16s.); *Party Fare,* by Victor MacClure (Putnam, 21s.); *Lady into Cook,* by Katherine Curragh (Cresset, 21s.); *With Gusto and Relish,* by Lord Westbury and Donald Downes (Deutsch, 15s.); *Cooking Ahead,* by Barbara Worsley-Gough (Faber, 12s. 6d.); *Cooking for Texture,* by Josephine Emlee (Faber, 15s.); *Choose Your Cheese,* by T. A. Layton (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.); *Pastry-Making,* by Ann Hardy (Bell, 8s. 6d.); and, at top level, *Delightful Food,* by Marjorie Salter and A. A. Whitney – foreword by Noël Coward, decorations by Oliver Messel (Sidgwick & Jackson, 25s.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,452 **Set by Naomi Lewis**

Walter de la Mare once asked in conversation 'If, when you died and reached Heaven's gate, you were asked What do you really know, what would your answer be?' Readers are invited to offer (in 100 words or under) the reply of any of the following: Shakespeare, Hobbes, Newton, Wordsworth, Keats, George Eliot, Darwin, Hardy, Rutherford. Entries by 7 January.

Result of No. 1,449 **Set by Hilbrian**

The usual prizes are offered for a rhyming duologue (limit 8 lines) with Echo, in which she repeats in a different sense the last one or two syllables of each preceding line.

Report

I apologise for leaving it in doubt whether the speaker and Echo occupied one line or two; those whose entries followed the former plan were not faulted. In the event, however, this competition hardly proved as inspiring as was hoped – perhaps Christmas preparations interfered with concentration. E. Clifford's 'Garden of Eden' was original and W. L. Miron began promisingly:

> What does the goodwill season designate? Oh, NATO.

Sputniks were popular; and C. F. Best scored with a Wolfendenish *Spécialité de la Maison*:

> Voice: Mine is a house where many ladies come.
> Echo: Scum!

YOUTH CAMPS and School Journey Centres

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These, together with Elspeth, R. A. Mackenzie and Annie Allen, are commended. The prizewinners are Barbara Smoker, Leslie Johnson and M. Allan (a guinea each); half a guinea to the authors of the other entries printed.

Competitor: Why gained my entry no award last week?
Echo: Weak!
It rivalled Milton, though in lighter vein.
Vain!
And such inferior verses reached the peak!
Piqué!
Without a doubt, it should have brought a gain.
Again?

BARBARA SMOKER

Who will inspire my efforts to amuse?
A Muse.
Muse, are you willing to indite a verse?
Averse.
Relent, O Muse, and help me now to write.
Right.
I thank you, gracious Muse. My hopes uprise.
A prize.

LESLIE JOHNSON

What stands 'tween me and her that I adore?
A door.
I'll gain admittance, and, by Jove, once in . . .
Sin!
Her husband was an unexpected guest . . .
Ted guessed!
And suddenly free love has lost its gilt.
It's guilt!

M. ALLAN

DEB'S DELIGHT

First Eager Deb.: I say, look there's the brand-new heir!
Second ditto: Where?
His squint's not too bad in this light.
Slight!
I wouldn't say he's squat at all.
Tall!
Oh! Now he's whisked that blonde girl out.
Lout!

RUSSELL EDWARDS

Mum, is it dark for the dog in the satellite?
Light.
What does the poor little doggie breathe up there?
Air.
But, Mummy, do the Russians let him eat?
Meat.
And how will Doggie be when he has landed?
Dead.

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

Conservative: Sandys for Defence – a promising cognomen!
Echo: Omen!
You mean they're running out? But there's Macmillan –
Ill 'un.
Remember the Thorneycrofts and Brookes and Hailshams.
Hail, shams!
Who can bring more prosperity than the Pooles?
The pools!

B. B. CAUSER

Politician: Goodwill to all our faithful allies.
Echo: Lies.
And foresight to our able leaders.
Bleeders.
Health and wealth to Western nations.
Asians?
And peace to all our troubled planet.
Plan it.

RIVI

The Chess Board

No. 424. Wise Head on Young Shoulders

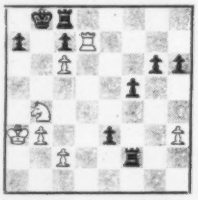
The shoulders (and the head for that matter) are very young indeed, belonging to 14-year-old Bobby Fischer who was to have been one of the star attractions at the Hastings congress. Unlike innumerable musical prodigies who very seldom live up to their youthful promise, chess prodigies are (comprehensibly) a much rarer phenomenon. I could think of only four; Capablanca, Reshevsky, Pomar, and our own Elaine Saunders; and every one of them, no doubt, has "made good." As for young Fischer, considering his very remarkable achievements to date, there would seem to be no doubt at all about his future. Readers of this column will remember his very brilliant win against Byrne more than a year ago. Since then, the boy has made considerable headway by winning the "American Open Championship" at Cleveland ahead of various international masters. Here is Bobby's last round win (against Addison).

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-Q4; (3) Kt-B3, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-B3; (5) KtxKt ch, KPxKt; (6) B-B4, B-Q3; (7) Q-K2 ch, Q-K2; (8) QxQ ch!, KxQ; (9) P-Q4, B-KB4; (10) B-Kt3, R-K1; (11) B-K3, K-B1; (12) O-O-O, Kt-Q2; (13) P-B4, QR-Q1; (14) B-B2, BxB; (15) KxB, P-KB4; (16) KR-K1, P-B5; (17) B-Q2, Kt-B3; (18) Kt-K5, P-KKt4; (19) P-B3, Kt-R4; (20) Kt-Kt4, K-Kt2; (21) B-B3, K-Kt3; (22) RxR, RxR; (23) P-B5, B-Kt1; (24) P-Q5, PxP; (25) RxP, P-B4; (26) Kt-K5 ch, BxKt; (27) RxB, Kt-B3; (28) RxR, KtxR; (29) B-K5!, K-R4; (30) K-Q3; P-Kt5; (31) P-Kt4, P-QR3; (32) P-QR4, PxP; (33) PxP, K-R5; (34) P-Kt5, PxP; (35) PxP, K-R6; (36) P-B6, PxP; (37) P-Kt6!, resigns.

A remarkably mature game for one so young. Note his ruthless consistency in avoiding any complications and holding on to the endgame advantage secured when the game was barely out of the opening stage. Similar *sang froid* was shown by 11-year-old Sammy Reshevsky in his first tournament game against a vertiable grandmaster. Here is the unenviable position in which Sammy, after 37 moves, found himself against Janowski. /1r4r1/1q5k/1p1Pp1ktp/p1p1Pp2/P1P2P2/4QKt1P/6RK/6R1/. Janowski could have decided the issue by Kt-Kt5 ch; instead he went in for an ill-conceived advance of the RP, thereby giving the youngster his chance to wriggle out of a hopeless position and finally to win what still should have been a draw.

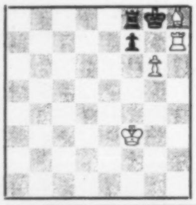
(38) P-R4?, Q-B3; (39) P-R5? Kt-R1; (40) Kt-Kt5 ch, PxKt; (41) PxP, Kt-Kt3!!; (42) R-Kt3, K-Kt2; (43) R-KR3, R-KR1; (44) PxKt, RxR ch; (45) KxR? [QxR!, R-KR1; (46) Q-R6 ch! would have forced a draw], R-R1 ch; (46) K-Kt3, QxQRP; (47) Q-KB3, P-B5 ch!; (48) K-Kt4, Q-B7; (49) QxP, Q-K7 ch; (50) K-Kt3, Q-Q6 ch; (51) K-Kt2, Q-K7 ch; (52) K-Kt3, Q-R7 ch; (53) K-B3, R-KB1; (54) Q-B6 ch!, K-Kt1!; (55) P-Q7, RxQ ch; (56) KtPxR? [KPxR would still have led to a draw], Q-Q7; (57) R-KR1, Q-Q6 ch!! (QxQP??); (58) K-Kt2, QxP ch; (59) K-B2, Q-B4 ch; (60) K-Kt2, Q-Kt5 ch; (61) K-R2, Q-K7 ch; (62) K-R3, Q-Q6 ch; (63) K-R4, QxP; (64) R-Kt1 ch, K-B1; (65) K-Kt5, Q-Q5; (66) resigns.

A: D. Janowski

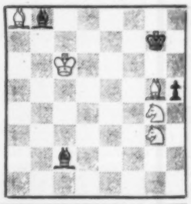


In fairness to Janowski the 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position showing him at his best. How did White force the issue? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White, both very instructive and not too difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by 6 January.

B: S. Kozlovski 1931



C: T. B. Gorgiev 1928



REPORT on No. 421. Set on 7 December.

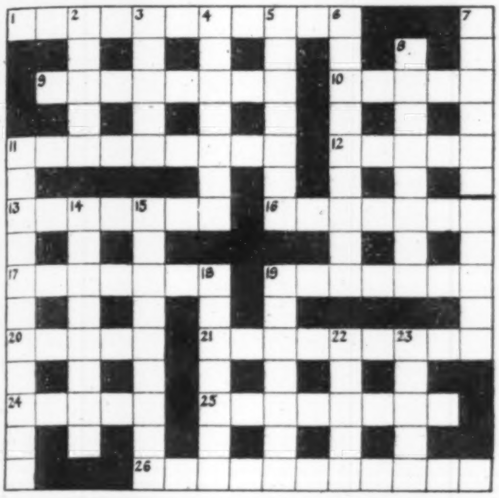
A: Q-R8 ch would have won.
B: (1) K-B8!, P-Kt4; (2) K-Q7, P-Kt5; (3) P-Q6! (K-K6?), B-B4; (4) K-K5, B-B1; (5) K-Q4, B-R3; (6) P=Q, BxQ; (7) K-B4 etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt3, P-Q6; (2) B-Kt5!!, PxB; (3) K-R6!, P=Q; (4) KtxQ, P-Q7; (5) Kt-Kt3, P=Q; (6) B-B2!, Q-Kt5; (7) B-B5!, Q-Q8; (8) B-B2 etc.

Quite a few stumped by **B,** more by **C.** Even so nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes W. H. L. Brooking, J. W. Eccleson, R. Fletcher, F. R. Oliver, C. Sansom, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 283

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 283, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 7 Jan.



ACROSS

*1. Greetings form the centre of value in camps (11).
9. 'When love begins to sicken and decay It useth an —— ceremony' (*Julius Caesar*) (8).
10. Wide awake though later muddled (5).
*11. Because the others are most genuine (9).
12. Gives consolation as in a backward area of the church (5).
13. Chooses freedom with an international centre (7).
16. An inhabitant of this country would discover madness in a piece of cricket (7).
*17. Although they have a perm on five losers, they find the correct answers (7).
19. Piece of winter fuel for the potentially eloping (7).
*20. Forwards bobtails (5).
*21. Strange requests about a contributor (9).
24. Poet's friend to put after age (5).
25. Country I hate madly with nothing good in it (8).
26. Concerning a winter festival based on a natural sin (11).

DOWN

2. With a liberal at the top the red's number is up (5).
3. If the pin had no head it would leave a gap (5).
4. Billets for demob? (7).
5. One who is getting on is in the grip of cold sterility (7).
*6. As one who is skilled in international encounters, Matthews runs all round scratch teams (9).
7. Corner for one of our stupid ancestors (6, 5).
*8. Periodic impression about a child (8).
11. Women who have their animals climbing over the nurses (11).
14. Lend a car with licence; it needs annual renewal (8).
15. Entertainments which give rise to improper hopes in the seats (9).
18. Be sceptical although a school of thought includes us on its page (7).
19. One who throws a piece of pottery (7).
22. Share in what Banquo takes (5).
23. One can make do with this excuse for a sexual impulse (5).

SET-SQUARE

**When placed in the correct order, these words, which have a common factor, form a Christmas message.*

Solution to No. 281

F	A	C	E	P	A	C	K	S		D	I	V	E	S
A		O		I		H		T		I		I		C
G	R	A	P	E	V	I	N	E		T	I	B	I	A
I		T		M		N		W		H		R		V
N	U	I	S	A	N	C	E		B	E	W	A	R	E
				N		H		D		R		T		N
P	A	G	E		D	I	S	O	B	E	Y	I	N	G
A		E		W		L		G		D		N		E
P	E	R	S	I	F	L	A	G	E		I	G	O	R
E		M		L		A		E		A				
R	E	A	L	L	Y		C	R	E	S	S	I	D	A
M		N		I		S		B		I		C		S
I	N	D	I	A		H	E	A	D	D	R	E	S	S
L		E		M		E		N		E		N		E
L	A	R	E	S		M	A	K	E	S	H	I	F	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 281

Miss K. E. Mason (Harrow), C. W. Berkhold (London, NW7), W. V. Chapman (Bodmin)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the post of Manager of the University Bookshop. Applicants should have extensive experience of book selling, by 'mail order' as well as 'over the counter'. Salary £1,000 per annum to commence. Contract for three years in the first instance with prospect of permanency. First class passages paid on appointment, termination and approved leave. Part furnished accommodation at rental not exceeding 7.7% of salary. Pension arrangements will be made. Applications giving names of three referees to N.C.R. Bourne, Secretary, University Bookshop (Nigeria), Limited, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria, by 31 January, 1958, preferably by air mail. Further particulars concerning the University College from the London Representative at 40 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (tel. EUS. 8948), or from Secretary of the Company.

THE United Newcastle Upon Tyne Hospitals, Royal Victoria Infirmary. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist at the above hospital. The duties will be mainly those of a Clinical Psychologist within the Department of Psychological Medicine, but will also include the testing of some children and neurological patients for other hospital departments, and there will be some opportunities for research. The person appointed will be graded as Psychologist or Probationer Psychologist and will be paid according to the appropriate Whitley Council scales. Applications, including the names of two referees, should be sent to the House Governor and Secretary, Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle Upon Tyne 1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates for the post of organising tutor in North Warwickshire. Teaching subjects: Industrial Studies, or History, or P.P.E., though other subjects may be considered. Salary £650 – £1,200. Details (please enclose stamped, add. env.) from R. P. B. Davies, MA, 19 Calthorpe Rd, Birmingham, 15.

SOMERSET County Council. Children's Committee. A married couple is required to take charge of a new small family home for six/eight children at Yeovil. The wife will receive a salary in accordance with the scale for resident housemothers, viz. £400 ×£20 to £480 p.a., less £116 for board and lodging, and the husband, who will be expected to follow his normal employment, will receive free board and lodging. Experience in the residential care of children is essential, and possession of the Home Office Certificate – Residential Child Care, will be an advantage. Further details and application form may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

HOUSEFATHER wanted in New Year for Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Road, Croydon.

'THE Friend', the Quaker Weekly Journal, urgently requires a junior Editorial Assistant. Write, giving details of education and experience and the names of two referees, to The Editor, 'The Friend', Drayton House, Gordon Street, London, WC1.

RESIDENT Youth Club Leader (Female) required. Opportunity for casework and groupwork with all age groups. Salary according to age and experience. Write full details to Chairman, Beauchamp Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W2.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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YOUNG Englishwoman working Paris as editorial assistant seeks interesting post London. Fluent French, some Russian, excellent general knowledge. Available London interview Jan. 1-6. Box 7170.

CONTINENTAL linguist English, French, German, Hungarian, Russian, statistics, interested suitable occupation. Box 7115.

TYPOGRAPHICAL Designer, varied exp. over 10 years, seeks job, e.g. with printer or publisher. Also good knowledge German, ability write and edit copy. Box 7165.

ENGLISHWOMAN 50's desires employment in office/hotel/home. London/New York experience. Box 7174.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

MABEL Eyles & Partners (Duplg, Translating, Reporting). Verbatim Shthnd., Writers: 'Round the Clock' Duplg, 395 Hornsey Rd, N19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,000-£1,800 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships), or within the range of £1,850-£2,250 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by 31 January 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any inquiries regarding scope of the Fellowships.

PERSONAL

BOULOGNE: French architect (widower) seeks educated young Englishwoman wishing perfect French as companion four school age children and share supervision household. Pocket money. Servant kept. Live as family. Write Mrs Harrison, 29 Hyde Park Gdns, London, W2.

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PERSONAL—continued

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H. D. HUGHES, Arthur Ling, Percy Marshall, Graeme Shankland and Wyndham Thomas at Fabian New Year School on 'The Future of Britain's Cities'. 3-5 January, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

GROUP Psychology and Living Research: send card for prospectus of special period Jan.-Mar. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American occulist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PERSONAL—continued

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

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BEDALES School, Petersfield (Coeducational). Scholarship and Entrance Tests will be held at the School from 26 to 28 March 1958. Four or five scholarships, value approximately £80 to £100, are offered to boys and girls of special promise and ability in one or more subjects, including Art and Music. A special Music Scholarship, of approximately £150 to £200, is offered to a boy or girl contemplating Music as a career. Candidates should be between the ages of 12½ and 14 in September 1958. Particulars from the Headmaster.

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2 Jan. Martha
3 & 11 Jan. Il Trovatore
4 Jan. (evg.) Marriage of Figaro
7 & 9 Jan. Rigoletto
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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mats. only. 'New Clothes for The Emperor'. Evenings Tu./Sn. A Stranger in the Tea'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 4th edn. Fr. 2.30, Sun. fr. 4. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Joan Greenwood, 'Lysistrata'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Dly 2.30 & 7.30. 'Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots.'

TOWER. 7.30. Jan. 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 1958, Thackeray's 'The Rose and the Ring.' Real Christmas fare. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. 'The Biggest Thief in Town.' Fris, Sats, Suns at 7.45. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. Films on the Life & Art of the Church (U) (ex. Suns).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 5: Sucksdorff's 'The Great Adventure' (U). 'The Red Balloon' (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. 29 Dec. 7 days. Spencer Tracy. Bad Day at Black Rock, A; George Sanders, Death of a Scoundrel, A.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat 3232. Sat. 28 Dec. 'The Burmese Harp'. 3.0, 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

HOLBORN Film Soc., ½ seas. Jan.-Apr. '58 1st Sun., 3rd Tu.. Sous Les Toits (5 Jan.) Wild One (Brando), Death of a Cyclist, Jeux Interdits, Treasure of Sierra Madre, Man of Aran, Partie de Campagne, Alexander Nevsky, Chairman's Choice. Notable Shorts: Time Out of War, Pleasure Garden, To Kill a Child, Tell Me if it Hurts, 8 shows 12s., 4 shows Sun./Tu. 7s. Guests 2s.. Inf. Sec., 198 High Holborn, WC1. Hol. 3411.

ANNIVERSARY Celebration Rumanian People's Republic, Holborn Hall, Sunday 12 January, 7.30, Rumanian Youth Dance Ensemble (Winners at Llangollen). Special visit. Tickets only, members and friends, 2s. 6d. (S.A. env.). From Brit. Rum. Fship. Ass., 27 Red Lion St, WC1. (CHA. 4568.)

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Don Shearman Trio and Johnnie Ware playing Mainstream and Modern Jazz for Dancing. Saturday 4 January, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. New Year's Eve Dance. Dancing to The Happy Wanderers, 9 pm-2 am. Members 12s. 6d. (double tickets 21s.). Guests 15s.

NEW Year's Eve Party Dance. 6 Queen Sq., WC1. Tues. 31 Dec. 7.30-12. 4s. 6d. (incl. refrs). Tkts: WEA (Cen. Lond.), 28 Woburn Sq.. WC1. MUS. 5570. All welc.

DANCE Sat. 28 Dec. 7.30 to 11 p.m. Adm. 4s. at door (public invited). S. Pl. Ethical Soc.. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. French Lithographs. 10 Dec.-10 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1957-58. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn: Closed 23-30 Dec.

GALLERY One, W1. (GERrard 3529.) F. N. Souza, new paintings 1957.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. 'Voyages Marine', Twelve hundred pictures of Ships and the Sea. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 29 Dec., 6.30. Music & Readings. 7.0 p.m., H. J. Blackham: 'Retrospect and Prospect'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m. Free. 29 Dec., New Year Resolutions.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8 at 6 p.m. 4 January. Film: The Young and the Damned.

DEMOCRACY in Industry: Society for Democratic Integration in Industry Inaugural Mtg. Wed. 8 Jan., 2.30 for 3 sharp. Council Chamber, 27 Tavistock Sq., WC. Spkr: Wilfred Wellock and ors., all welc.

SWAMI Ghanananda, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns. 5 p.m. Kingly Yoga. All welcome.

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EUROPEAN Common Market, Soviet View (2). Soviet Economists Debate Ricardo's Theories with Prof. Myrdal (3). Soviet Social Sciences Conference (1). Soc. Sci. Information Bulletin, Vol. 4, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Each 1s 6d (post free 1s 10d). From SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

'REVOLUTION and Counter-Revolution in Hungary', by Hugh Dewar and Daniel Norman, 3s. 6d. post free, from Socialist Union of Central-Eastern Europe, 489 Oxford Street, London, W1.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

1958 Programme of the Pall Mall Press includes new books by Sir Norman Angell, Professor S. E. Finer, Massimo Salvadori, Alan Paton, Salvador de Madariaga. List free from 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

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